

T H E
S C O U R G E.

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POLITICAL REVIEW.

ONE of those phenomena that serve to dazzle, astonish, and confound the understanding; that baffle all calculation, and fill the mind with mournful evidence of the real insignificance of man: one of those precocious events which, like a river, bursting its boundary, in an instant inundates the face of a fertile country, and sweeps away the long and hard labours of the husbandman, or like the lightning, at one flash lays waste the finest monuments of human ingenuity—the ever-memorable battle of WATERLOO, that must immortalize the name of WELLINGTON, and hand down to remotest posterity the record of British valour—that must place our nation, as warriors, far beyond all those which have preceded, has just closed a catalogue of extraordinary and almost unexampled occurrences, that have occupied the attention and wonder of the world since the year eighty-nine. The result has been strictly in character with this splendid achievement, and we honestly confess, contrary to our former opinions, the allied troops are in Paris. That man who for the last twenty years has kept the Continent of Europe in awe, laid her under heavy contributions, and beat her best and most experienced generals; who has during that period overrun with his victorious arms almost every state, ravaged every country, and at the head of his veterans, visited every capital—who made and unmade kings and emperors at his pleasure—whose will was law, and at whose nod the mightiest trembled;—who has allied himself to one of the oldest and most haughty of the European dynasties:—this man, after overturning the most ancient of her institutions, and new-modelling the great German empire, by an almost electric shock, is himself overthrown, an outcast, and a prisoner in the hands of those he in the plenitude of prosperity deridingly styled, *La nation boutiquière*, and against whom he was perpetually de-

nouncing the most bitter anathema. So fickle is fortune; so unsteady is every thing not founded on principle; of such brittle materials is human greatness. But the moral is good: properly managed, we may expect the most beneficial results: it reads a fine lesson to those to whose care is delegated the power and resources of nations, not for their own peculiar advantage and aggrandizement, but for the general welfare, and above all, it teaches, what perhaps those who govern *jure divine*, may be unwilling to learn, that no power can be solid but that which is bottomed more or less on MORAL FEELING and RATIONAL LIBERTY.

For Buonaparte himself, as it is impossible to feel respect, so neither can we feel sympathy: he was a tyrant of the worst species; a being whom it had perhaps been better the world had never seen, one whose philauty absorbed every other feeling, and subdued every principle—a man who combines great talent with the most despotic disposition. How melancholy then must be the reflection, that even this man, stained as he is with crimes, covered as he is with infamy, steeped as he is to the very chin in blood, should have been almost the last hope that struggling France had to escape the fangs of despotism; for it is much to be feared, notwithstanding the fair promises of Louis, and the hypocritical cant of Fouché, that when the Bourbons are once firmly seated on the throne of France, all her old slavish customs will be resuscitated, and that her fetters will be only forged the stronger, for the efforts she has so unsuccessfully made to break them. As we were mistaken in the event of the war, so we sincerely hope we may be deceived in our surmises, and find all our fears groundless.

That he should have surrendered himself to England, in preference, is perhaps one of the best and one of the most welcome compliments that could be paid to her native independence, to that sturdiness of character which pre-eminently distinguishes her citizens—to the right and moral feeling of the country. It is indeed an application of breath to the trump of fame that will make it resound from one pole to the other, while no blush need stain the cheeks of those to whose honour it is sounded. It at least shews that freemen are considered by despots themselves as more worthy of confidence, more capable of generosity, more noble in their nature, than beings of their own

stamp. It ought indeed to elevate the national pride, to make us feel our superiority, and to make us set at its true value that freedom, so dearly purchased by the blood of our brave ancestors, to make us ashamed of degenerating, and more than ever to make us firmly and manfully resist all and every attempt to infringe or diminish so inestimable a blessing.

The future conduct of the allies must now become matter of the most serious importance; it is big with the gravest interests of society, pregnant with either the greatest blessing, or the greatest curse; on them depends the destiny of millions, who as they act well or ill, must be doomed to wretchedness or prosperity. Let them then weigh well their important mission, and bearing in mind the conduct of the fallen Buonaparte, endeavour so to act that on some future occasion when another Buonaparte shall need an asylum, he may in preference seek theirs. If tutored, as they have been, in adversity's school, they shall have wisdom enough to profit of her lessons, and act moderately in their present almost unlooked-for prosperity; if grateful to the Author of Nature for the advantages they have obtained, they shall strive to keep down ambition, and become gentle, then indeed may long-suffering Europe again be permitted to breathe—may yet be happy—may yet aspire to the enjoyment of those comforts so profusely spread before them by the benevolent hand of Providence—may yet hope to enjoy their birth-right, and under rational institutions, repair the ravages of long protracted war and mad ambition;—freedom may become something more than a name, and drooping commerce, the parent of industry, may, under the benignant showers of an enlarged and enlightened policy, again rear her head;—happy faces may once more surround the fire-side, whilst the faggot blazes cheerfully on the poor man's hearth;—but if, unschooled by the past, they should mete, as they have formerly meted; if entrenching themselves under the misconceived invulnerability of the ~~egis~~ of the divine right of kings, they think of nothing but their recent victory, obtained by British prowess, and prepare to act as they did in Poland; if, unmindful of the mutability of all human affairs, they should endeavour to reorganize the scenes of Warsaw, of Prague, and of Ismael, then has British blood flowed in vain; her valour been disgraced, and she has exhausted her treasures for a most unholy purpose, and so far from having established an Eirenarchy in France, we shall only have sown the seed of future wars, and helped to bind down Europe

in the most miserable bondage that ever afflicted the human race. To remove Buonaparte, and suffer his worst principles to remain, would be such an outrage on every thing like proper and moral feeling, that we will not for a moment suppose it possible a British army, crowned with laurels, and British negotiators now, naturally feeling proud of their country, could ever submit to see inflicted—no, indifferently as we are disposed to think of Lord Castlereagh, we will not do him the injustice to believe, after the great and gallant conduct of his countrymen, that he would so far debase the name of Briton as to tamely witness, much less be accessory to so a flagrant dereliction of moral dignity.

The conduct of France itself, during this arduous struggle, has been frivolous in the extreme, most disgustingly unworthy. She has been steady to no one point, but troublesome on all; faithful to no one man, or set of men; each new faction has been hailed and welcomed by her with the same outward appearance of joy and respect. She has indeed been “every thing by turns, and nothing long;” to day for a mixed representative government, the next for a republic, the next for Marat, then for Robespierre; to him succeeded that creature of imbecillity, the Directory, that gave place to a consular government, that to a Consul for life; this was with equal ease converted into an Imperial Diadem, and this gave place to Louis; Louis in his turn made way for Buonaparte, and he has danced out, and Louis again danced in; and on every change the Parisians sing, rejoice, make fine speeches, take their snuff, and enquire with the greatest *sang froid* after the last new fashion, or what is to be performed in the evening at the theatre. One cannot contemplate such a volatile race of beings but with mixed feelings of contempt and pity. There is nothing noble or generous in them—they appear to be completely demoralized---nothing worthy the hero—nothing of character---nothing of consistency marks their career---gay, thoughtless, and vain, they seem not to have any fixed or determined principle, but to be guided entirely by occurrences as they chance to rise before them; and we feel persuaded they would hail with equal sincerity and delight the Cham of Tartary, the Dey of Algiers, or the great Wellington. Open to them but the theatre *gratis*, and there cannot exist a doubt you might make them attach a new name to their *vive* between every act.—Such men are almost unworthy of liberty, and was France alone to be considered on this subject, we should be inclined to say no treatment could be too bad for her dastardly spirit;—but she cannot be segregated from the great European family; she intimately combines herself with the interests of every other state; she cannot be assailed without the blow falling with greater weight on others who have not her failings; and to this, and to this alone, may she consider herself as indebted for her security.

But all this has nothing to do with the great cause of national freedom, of that equality before the laws which secures

the weak against the oppression of the strong, and leaves room for merit to rear its head—let it spring from whatever part of the commonwealth it may—that cause so dear to all true Englishmen, remains with the same claims to our admiration, the same right to our respect, and as imperatively demands our support as if Buonaparte, Robespierre, Marat, Fouche, and a hundred others, had never had existence. Neither can the fickleness displayed by the people of France put down its legitimacy, in our eyes. We cannot, therefore, help indulging the hope that nothing may be offensively intruded upon the French nation merely because the chance of war has turned the tables upon them, and made them feel some of those evils they have been so lavish in inflicting on other countries for the last twenty years. At the same time, it seems both right and proper that ample security should be now taken against their disturbing the peace of the world for objects that confessedly are indifferent to them. We cannot afford to fight a battle of Waterloo every year, merely because the French wish to change their government; and although we were of opinion, and still remain so, that every nation has a right to legislate for itself, and to adopt what form of government she may think, even though erroneously, best suited to her genius, yet, like all other rights, if its exercise can only be carried on by the annoyance and destruction of all around her; in that right she must be restrained for the sake of suffering humanity—therefore, let France make a sober, solemn declaration of her intentions, and let the allies give to them every consideration they may deserve, and while she herself shall continue gravely and steadily to pursue the object for which she has decided, we trust that so far from offering any opposition to her just and declared views, that she may receive every support and encouragement consistent with the safety and honor of Europe—if she will not do this, having the opportunity, there seems to hang the doubt, why, like every other lunatic, she ought to be coerced and prevented from doing mischief either to herself or others.

The great question then seems to be, will the allies, flushed as they are with victory, goaded as they must be with the recollection of former defeats, and humbled and prostrate as is the great nation, have sufficient magnanimity to afford them this opportunity, of course, under proper securities, such for example as the occupation of their strong line of fortresses, their principal maritime towns, or even their capital? We most devoutly hope they will, for their own credit, for their own honour; at any rate, we trust, our brave countrymen, who need no praise beyond what they derive from their own high and resplendent merits, will not be joined in any attempt to oblige France to that at which they would themselves spurn with the most sovereign contempt. We do hope that Lord Castlereagh, feeling as he must the great worth which now attaches to the British character; the proud eminence on which she is placed by recent events, aided by the gallant Wellington, will use all his influence to induce the confederates to shew an

example that may be worthy the conquerors of Vittoria and Waterloo. Should this be done, and should the French then attempt to abuse it, let them pay the full penalty of their perfidy; let them be treated as the most worthless of human beings; the whole world would execrate them; Europe would have nothing with which to reproach herself; and the allies would reap the two-fold glory, of first conquering their enemy, and the still more arduous of the two, conquering themselves. Should the British ministers judge it expedient to recommend any thing of this kind, and there should arise any hesitation on the part of the combined monarchs, let them recollect the obligations they have to England, and the sorry figure they were after all likely to have cut without her assistance, and then we cannot help feeling persuaded they will readily adopt whatever counsel her ministers may think it prudent to give, well knowing as they must do, that England is in herself too noble, too just, and too moral, to advise to any measure that would not quadrate with their true interest, or that was incompatible with their dignity and their honour; but above all, let them recollect that princes are never so amiable, never so truly, so substantially great, as when engaged in the virtuous act of bending their puissance under their philanthropy. If they can but be brought to think this way, we have no fear for the result; it may be beneficial to France, but it must be glorious for themselves.

Having freely descanted on the imperfections of the mighty fallen—the once great Buonaparte—who, had his mind taken the proper bias, had it in his power to have been the greatest man recorded in history—who possessed the means, had he also possessed the inclination, to have been the greatest benefactor to mankind that ever filled a throne—but who has done more mischief than any other man, and has left little to follow his name but obloquy and reproach; let us do equal justice to that part of his character which merits eulogium—we must thank him because it is owing to himself that the Slave Trade has been finally abolished in France, for we cannot lend ourselves to believe that with all their Proteism that they will now attempt to find any excuse for its continuance, and if they did, we have too much reliance on the moral feeling of our negotiators, to suppose they would afford it any protection. It is at least refreshing to know, that amidst all the calamities which he has so profusely and so mercilessly heaped upon the Continent, that he has at last rescued the helpless inhabitant of the torrid zone from the miseries of this immoral and infernal traffic; that although his contemporaries have reason to despise him, millions yet unborn may owe every blessing they shall enjoy to his interference. Let him then, amidst all his reverses, under all his misfortunes, and in those moments when reflection must come with bitter keenness, console himself with the idea that if he justly merits the curses of the European, he also deserves the blessing of the African, and that the world cannot say he was a man who passed through life and never did any good.

GENERAL LEE,

The Meridian of Ipswich and Colchester in 1767 and 1768.

SIR,

I REFER your readers for what I have already advanced on the subject of Lee, as Junius, to Nos. 47 and 48.

Dr. Girdlestone, I observe, in your last number, has produced evidence, through the letter of Mrs. Treice, of Lee being at Rushbrooke, at the christening of the present Mr. Davers, in 1770. By the way, surely, *Secklermore* must be a misprint, as *Banbury* indubitably is. It ought to be Bunbury. I know Sicklesmere in Suffolk, but never before heard of *Secklermore*. Within four miles of being born a Suffolk man, I have both seen and heard of most of the towns and villages in that county.

I have not yet succeeded in finding my old gardener (Coe,) but have obtained proof, as far as a man's memory may be depended on, that Lee was at Rushbrooke in the year 1768. I first of all applied to an old servant of the late Sir Charles Davers, resident near Bury St. Edmunds, who replied that the period stated by me was rather too remote for his years, referring me to a still older servant of the Davers family. To this last, who resides upwards of a hundred miles from the metropolis, I made the necessary application, and received for answer, by return of post, that Lee was extremely intimate with Sir Charles Davers, and was on a visit at Rushbrooke in the year 1768: that (says she,) I am enabled to recollect and ascertain from your reminding me of the circumstance of 1768, being the general election year, when Stanton and Wollaston were returned members for Ipswich. I judged the association would be helpful to her memory. That General Lee was at Rushbrooke about that period, there can exist no doubt, but without the least idea certainly of concealment, the very starting of which is highly absurd. His eccentric conduct was notorious, both here and in America; and Coe repeatedly told me, he always supposed

the General mad. He told me also he had been abroad with the General, which, and other testimony, assure me of the fact that Lee had made the European tour that is related in his life. But the politico-moral certainty, I apprehend, which must impress the mind of every man who takes the pains to reflect profoundly, that Lee could not have composed the Letters of Junius, renders it a matter of mighty trifling consequence, whether he were in England or upon the Continent, during the years quoted.

Since my last, on this subject, I find it has been whispered in certain circles, that the late Duke of Grafton not only professed to his friends to know the famous secret, but also positively declared to — — —, the day after making his well-known speech against the war, in the House of Lords, that EDMUND BURKE was the man. Political quid-nuncs go farther still, and positively assert that the interior cabinet, with the *exception of its head*, from whom it was industriously concealed, were fully apprized of the fact. Here is a good field for those who are qualified to enter the lists. As far as congeniality of talent and political views can determine, no men in those days, with the slightest shew of success, can enter into competition with Burke and Hamilton. That Junius was an Irishman, I have as full a conviction as I dare entertain in a case which cannot be reduced to certainty. Mr. Fox, I have formerly observed, said once in company, that "Burke might well have been the author of Junius's Letters." His professing to know that Burke was not, is far enough from being conclusive, considering how easily, on some occasions, Mr. Fox was deceived—that celebrated character was probably much overrated and misjudged, both by his friends and his enemies.

It would scarcely be worth while once more to call back to remembrance the general election of 1768, on the account of Lee, who, I thought, previously to receiving the above testimony, was probably not in Suffolk during that year, from the circumstance of my not having seen

him with Sir Charles Davers at Ipswich, the then grand theatre of party intrigue and cabal, and whither it might be supposed his busy disposition would have carried him. My other, and I hope, better motive is, to celebrate the then patriotic and immaculate character of the borough of Ipswich, where the price current of a vote was forty pounds, and where it was prudently determined by both parties, blue and yellow, that is to say, Tory and Whig, that according to the famous position of the equally honest and patriotic General Monck of old—*the fewer oaths the clearer will our consciences be.* Never was such a scene of bribery and corruption as exhibited in that ever memorable year, in the two honest and enlightened corporations of Ipswich and Colchester. Many voters, among them a servant of a friend of mine, buttered their bread on both sides, by contriving to obtain the damning fee from both parties. The sentiments of the trading inhabitants of both those towns, on election duties, are shrewd and curious; proving beyond all question, the correctness of that general position, the exalted worth and consequence of our middle classes. On the last contested election at Colchester, desiring to refresh my memory on this topic I made a pretty extensive enquiry, and found the only idea entertained there, among the class in question, on the nature and utility of the election of a member to serve in parliament, was, the degree of opposition which might be set on foot, and the money which might circulate for the benefit of trade!

I resided at Ipswich in 1767 and 1768, during that nationally disgraceful election contest, in which the Whigs succeeded, and one of the successful candidates succeeded also, in dilapidating, for the public good, a fair and ample inheritance! Although very young, I was so situated and connected as to witness at full length those scenes, and even often to have an opportunity of listening to the voice of the prompter behind the curtain. My Lord Dysart, then Captain Tollemach,

young man of 22, and the leading True Blue candidate, will, I dare say, now recollect the great Saturday night's affray upon the Corn Hill; and for my own part, I shall never forget the tavern floors overflowing above our soles with wine and punch, and ——, nor the unfortunate situation that poor Bobby T—— fell into. Young as I was, I had already begun the practice of noting *memorabilia*, whether of a public or private nature, and had made a collection of missiles projecting from the press of both parties in this severe and active contest, which was maintained during nearly the whole course of the above two years. Among these ‘Parson Tommy’s Absolution,’ on the yellow or whig side, and generally attributed to the Rev. Mr. Hingestone, I treasured up with peculiar care, as a superior production of the temporary kind, replete with attic wit, and the true satirical spirit—

“The parsons who attend my levee,
A true blue casuistic bevy—
Adkins, Canning, Gee, and Hewit,
By learned arguments can shew it :
Or if the point you’d clearer spy,
Then take a sprig of *Euphrasy*.
Oh ! could we gain next September,
In all the vengeance of Star-chamber,
We’d rise with scourge ecclesiastic,
And treat our foes like Prynne and Bastwick !”

Unfortunately, within the last twenty years, I have missed this interesting *brochure*, parts of which, recollected through such a course of years, I am often chanting to myself. Alas ! the majority, or all of those once respected names I have seen upon the dead list within these few years ; one of them, I believe, within the present ; to which may be added, that of the Rev. Mr. Hingestone. *Euphrasy*, above quoted, was an election paper, in prose, of a learned cast, on the Tory side of the question, and acutely written. It was published once

or twice weekly, and generally supposed to be written by Mr. Green. Whether or not the same Mr. Green survive, I am uninformed, but Green is still a learned and respectable living name at Ipswich.

R. R.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

"The body of the debtor shall always be free, that he may serve the king in his wars, cultivate the ground, and maintain his family."

THE CONSTITUTION.

BRITONS! the Magna Charta, containing the substance of common law, has been handed down to us as a noble record of English law and justice. The 29th chapter declares, that "no freeman shall be taken, or imprisoned, or disseised of his freehold, or liberties, or free customs, or be outlawed, or exiled, or any way otherwise destroyed; nor we shall not pass upon him, but by the lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land; we will sell to no man, we will not deny or defer to any justice or right." It is declared in after statutes, that "the words of the great charter shall live forever." The 25th of Edward the First says, "the great charter shall be taken as the common law of the land;" and 44 statutes declare, "that any thing contained in them, or any other act, that militates against the great charter, shall be holden for nought." And it is the duty of the Judges* to see that no act of parlia-

* It is recorded in the 77th Inst. "That Tresilian, chief justice of the King's Bench, and five judges more, with one of the king's serjeants at law, and one of the king's counsel at law, were executed at Tyburn as false traitors, by a judgment from the most supreme court in the kingdom, the parliament, for delivering their extravagant, illegal, and extra-judicial opinions, that the king might avoid a statute, ordinance, and commission, which had been made for the safety of both king and kingdom."

ment which oppresses the subject shall be suffered to continue in force. Sir Wm. Blackstone, in his Commentaries, after observing the excellence of the first part of this charter, says, "And lastly," which alone would have merited the title which it bears of the great charter —"it protected every individual in the nation in the free enjoyment of his life, his liberty, and his property, unless declared to be forfeited by the judgment of his peers, or the law of the land."

It is this grand and important part of the charter which every honest man ought to labour to establish beyond the power of any person to set aside, "the free enjoyment of life, liberty, and property." Liberty sweetens life and protects property; it is the birth-right of all mankind; and nothing but the want of virtue in the present day prevents all the subjects of the British empire from enjoying it. It is given by the Creator of the universe, established by law, and confirmed by reason. Yet in defiance of all law, sacred or human, men are imprisoned, and put to enormous expences, under the specious pretence of being held to bail for debt.

It has been asked, what apology can be made for the keeping up of this unconstitutional, oppressive, and injurious practice of imprisonment for debt? The only one is, what has been asserted by a wit of the law in behalf of himself, and all others concerned in the business.—Mr. Latitat observes—

"I do not deny imprisonment for debt to be unconstitutional and oppressive; but it is a practice of long standing, and is very beneficial to the profession in general. The creditors and debtors concerned in this practice are knaves and fools—the knaves *keep out* of prison—the fools *go in*. Nine parts out of ten of his majesty's subjects live beyond their incomes, and the frequent executions entered into the houses of the peers and commoners, plainly shew, that were not their persons privileged from arrest, it is probable the parliament of Great

Britain might be held in the King's Bench prison. This being a trading and commercial country, *gain* is the principle that actuates the minds of the people ; and *fraud* and *deceit* prevail throughout the kingdom. The wholesale trader gets rid of damaged goods to the poor retail dealer that wants credit ; and the brewer sells bad beer to the publican that can't pay. Arresting for debt is meant, by distressing a man, to make him or his friends raise the money ; and as for the loss other creditors may sustain, that is no part of the business of a tradesman—there is *a lack of honesty in the nation* ; and I do not see why we are not to profit as well as others by the vice and folly of the people. Besides, what are we to do, being so numerous a body, if imprisonment for debt be set aside ? We cannot get into parliament, and receive pensions from the minister, because the number of members are limited. We cannot get into the army, because the constitution does not allow a standing army in time of peace. We cannot get into the church, because the heads of the clergy have got all the good livings, and the curates are nearly starving. We cannot turn merchants and wholesale traders, because one half of them are already ruined by the war, and the other half *live* upon paper credit. We cannot turn retail shopkeepers, because they are all insolvent from Hyde-park-corner to Whitechapel church, and to better their condition are obliged to bear the burthen of the taxes. We cannot turn bankers, because the people won't trust us. We cannot get into public offices, because there are more there already than there is occasion for.

" In short, by the knavery, folly, extravagance, dissipation, and imprudence of the people, we do not get less than three millions of money every year, through our several branches ; and we never will consent to set the practice aside—unless you will point out how we may live as well as we do at present ;—and our influence in

parliament is sufficient to prevent any measures of yours from taking effect: and as for the people, if they have not virtue sufficient to preserve their laws entire—the body politic is to be considered as a dead carcase, which flies of every sort have a right to feed upon."

How far the picture held out by this facetious limb of the law bears a resemblance to the situation of the country, must be left to every man's own opinion. But that the law department is altogether a numerous body, and like the locusts of Egypt, devour the fruits of the land, will, we have no doubt, be universally admitted;—but the last position—"that if the people have not virtue sufficient to preserve their laws entire—the body-politic is to be considered as a dead carcase, which flies of every sort have a right to feed upon,"—is, we must confess, a convincing truth.

Montesquieu, in his *Spirit of the Laws*, after observing the grandeur to which Rome, Sparta, and Carthage, had arrived, all famous for their liberties, says, "but when dissipation and vice became predominant, they fell;" and seeing the English nation follow exactly their steps, he concludes it will fall likewise. It seems Sir William Blackstone felt himself hurt at the observation of this great writer, and by way of apology, says, "this celebrated writer should have recollect that Rome, Sparta, and Carthage, at the time when their liberties were lost, were strangers to the trial by jury."

But in answer to Sir William Blackstone, if a jury is to be made subservient to the views of a judge, juries then are as great an evil to a nation as a parliament, that lays ten times more taxes on the people than a despotic prince would do.—There is a doctrine broached, that a jury is not a judge of law, but of fact: thus a man is brought into court for "breaking an egg," the jury inform the judges they do not see any guilt in the man's breaking an egg;—the judges say in answer, that is not

their concern, they are only to find the fact. Accordingly these wise men of Gotham brought in their verdict, "Guilty of breaking the egg;"—the judges tell them that they are right, and then pass judgment in mercy upon the man, "that he shall suffer five years' imprisonment, and give security never to break another egg."—In respect to debtors, the jury find a verdict for the plaintiff—that the defendant is condemned in two hundred pounds debt, and fifty pounds damages, the judges pronounce the law "that the debtor shall lie in prison for the remainder of his life, and the plaintiff lose both debt and costs." The jury, when a poor man is in prison, and cannot employ an attorney to defend his cause, find him guilty of default, and the judges condemn him to imprisonment for life, because he has no money :—this is the trial by jury that is to save the country from destruction; we may say by it as Cromwell said to the parliament, "Ye sit here to redress the evils of the public, and ye are the very cause of those evils."

Britons! Your fate as a nation is drawing to a crisis! —and your situation will not be made better by your inattention. As for virtue in your ministers of state to save you, you have had specimens of the different administrations, and all their exertions have tended to this one principle, that of providing for themselves and needy dependants; and as for any regard for the welfare of the nation, it is a doctrine exploded by all parties. One man, when you are knee-deep in the blood of innocence, tells you, you have passed the Rubicon, and, like Macbeth, you must go on.—Another, whose counsels lost you thirteen provinces, tells you that your parliament gave consent to all his proceedings, and therefore you can only blame yourselves. One of your patriots says, "this man ought to be impeached for a traitor;" gets him turned out of office, and himself into place, and then coalesces with this man to strengthen his measures:—they then attempt to raise a revenue to themselves on your chartered rights

—at which you take fire, turn these men out of office, and place a man of good character in their stead, who lays more burdens upon you to add to its former weight.—One man spends millions of the public money to **FOR-TIFY THE OUTSIDE** of the kingdom ; while he sees the greater part of the country starving for want of this money **IN THE INSIDE OF IT** :—another sits in the seat of justice and plunders the distressed ; and then tells them they are swindlers, and fit only to be in prison—and as the rulers are, so are the people. The nobility and gentry keep saucy footmen to drive away the distressed, and the city of London spends as much money in gormandizing as would reinstate their ruined citizens in trade.—Pride, insolence, and dissipation mark the conduct of the rich ; and oppression is felt from every petty tyrant. The people are like those of whom the prophet Ezekiel speaks : “ The people of the land have used oppression, and exercised robbery, and have vexed the poor, and needy ; yea, they have vexed the stranger wrongfully.”—A learned lord tells you, your public funds are not able to pay any principal, your mortgages nor interest : your national debt is so heavy that all the accumulated taxes are hardly sufficient to pay interest ; and that public creditors, who have brought their country almost to ruin, may be satisfied, the industrious part of the people are to bear the burthen of the taxes.—No provision is made for those who are ruined thereby ;—unpitied, a prison is the portion—old age goes down with sorrow to the grave, and the children succeed to their parent’s misery ; justice is bought and sold, and a revenue is drawn from the bowels of the distressed. But ye are not yet lost, if ye will obey the commands of the Most High ; he will save you, if ye will put away iniquity and do justice ; he will deliver you that fast and pray unto him, and he will hear you. But mark what the prophet Isaiah saith on the fact that is chosen and well pleasing, “ To loose the bands of wickedness—to undo the heavy burthens—and to let the oppressed go free ;

—and that ye may break “every yoke.” Now if all the people will obey this command, and humble themselves before the throne of righteousness, it may please the Almighty to restore the king to his health, and the people to their senses: and finally crush oppression, and let justice and mercy rule the land.

E. F.

LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM DARLEY.

(Continued from p. 38.)

SARRAZIN descended the hill and commenced the attack at the hour of seven. Our men were beaten into the town, and the two howitzers taken, in spite of every exertion that valour could make. Proud of this success, the town itself was assailed, the British driven out, and compelled to swim to their boats under a dreadful fire. Commodore Hood, up to the middle in water, encouraged and assisted the men to embark, and was the last man who got into a boat, his clothes being shot through in four places. When out of the reach of the enemy's fire, heads were counted, amongst the missing was Captain Darley, and all deplored his fate. It was agreed to send a flag of truce on shore next morning for his body, but that body was yet animated. He had slipt on the disguise of a peasant, when he saw all was over, and, unnoticed, escaping under the town walls, he ascended the mountains, when, to his heart-felt joy, he met Captain Greig with a body of Russians in full march for the town; the fire had been viewed from the combined troops, and he was deputed to hasten forward to support the post until further strength arrived.

Captain Darley led him on by the path he had just traversed. The Frenchmen, busied in pillaging, knew not of a foe until Russian sabres gleamed inside of the walls, and a loud shout announced that they were “upon them.” A rocket was let off to

warn the squadron; when the boats, scarcely empty were in a moment manned, and rushed towards to the eastern gate, which was opened amidst clouds of smoke and fire by Darley, who roared out with Stentorian lungs, “ ‘Tis me, boys; hurrah, for the market place!” They followed him, and the enemy fell on every side, Sarrazin escaped with only thirteen men, three thousand remained prisoners. Cardinal Ruffo advanced in the morning, and the English and Italian flags waved over the steeples of Salerno. The first act of the Cardinal was to make Darley a knight of Ferdinand on the field of battle which he had so gloriously won.

Whatever credit was to be derived from the capture of Salerno, all unanimously concurred in bestowing it on the courageous exertions of Sir William Darley, though individual instances of bravery were numerous. Lord Montgomery recovered a field-piece, and killed three Frenchmen with his own hand; a marine corporal wrested the sabre from a French officer who was riding off the field, and with it slew both him and the horse on which he was mounted. When the dispatches reached Palermo, announcing the success of the combined forces, Ferdinand sent to Sir William Darley a patent of knighthood, and a golden key, appointing him one of his chamberlains, and requested that he might be permitted to accompany the march of the Neapolitan army,—a request which was immediately complied with by the commodore. The Calabrian army amounted to upwards of 25,000 men, clad in rags, and not one of which was completely armed;—a huge knot of ribbon on the front of their hats or caps was the sole mark of military distinction about them. At the head of these rode the ancient Cardinal Ruffo, bare headed, save a small red scull-cap, which rested on his temples, and a breviary in his left hand; perhaps a livelier picture could not be exhibited of Peter the Hermit, leading his enthusiastic followers to the crusade of bigotry, superstition, and death. It was to this motley and barbarous crew that Sir William Darley was attached, with the rank of colonel in the service of his Sicilian majesty. The commission was enclosed to him by Lord Nelson, desiring him to give all his attention to disciplining the Calabrians, whom his lordship understood were no better than a band of robbers. The Russian troops were halted in expectation of being reinforced, and on the plains of Salerno Sir William Darley first essayed to put the Calabrian army

into an efficient form. A liberal supply of arms and ammunition arrived from Palermo, and in a short time four complete regiments were raised; the army now began to assume a respectable appearance, and Darley became from that time the "*fides Achates*" of Cardinal Ruffo. Still, however, much was wanting; physical strength and native courage were scarce. Constant exercises by night and day, with regular rations, produced the former, and the latter revived from the habit of almost daily combats with the enemy. Colonel Darley had the mortification to be beaten by inferior forces from every post round Salerno, when a kind of drum-head court martial was held by Calabrian officers on five men who had fled from a skirmish, which ended in compelling Darley to take shelter in a small fortified watch-tower. They were adjudged to be shot, and were executed instantly on the spot.

Sir William Darley then (after publishing an address to the troops,) left Salerno garrisoned by British marines, and advanced against the village of Chitari, which was gallantly stormed, and sixty German troops made prisoners.

From this time victory attended the Calabrians, and Sir William Darley found them all anxious to learn their discipline and be regimented. The Russians took an inland route, whilst Cardinal Ruffo moved by the line of the sea coast. The strong posts of Meora and Marfa were carried in one day, and a number of prisoners made, among them two unfortunate rebel priests, afterwards sent to the British commodore's ship, who refused to receive them, and as the boat conveyed them towards the shore, they were thrown overboard, piked, and shot. The only excuse which can be given for this unauthorized act was, that the enemy had massacred in cold blood, while they lay wounded in bed, three marines and a seaman, left behind at the evacuation of Salerno. But as I am detailing the actions of Sir William Darley, I decline commenting upon so horrid a transaction. The boats of the British squadron, assisted by four Calabrian gun-vessels, were dispatched at night, under the orders of Lieutenant Roby, R. N., with instructions to attack the Port of Amalfi, whilst a detachment of the Cardinal's troops did the same by the town. Colonel Darley, on his march, met with a body of six hundred French, whom he defeated and pursued, which prevented him from coming up in time to co-

operate with the boats, that failed in their enterprise, much to the dissatisfaction of the commodore, who loudly declared that the boats alone might and ought to have succeeded. However, about noon the next day this check was triumphed over by Colonel Darley, who, through great exertion, surprised the enemy, and carried the place by storm, making two hundred prisoners. One hundred and fifty rebels perished in the church, which was burnt by the incensed Calabrians, in whose breasts revenge was ever the predominant passion. Col. Darley, busied in securing the batteries and his prisoners, arrived too late to prevent the dreadful catastrophe, and it was neither possible nor prudent to select any of the authors for punishment. Thistown, (which gave birth to the celebrated discovery of the mariner's compass,) strongly fortified by art and nature, opened a free passage for the army to the town of Castela Marre, the only place of consequence between that and the capital. Here Cardinal Ruffo halted some days to prepare for that arduous opposition expected on so near an approach to Naples. This acquisition was immediately notified to the court and Lord Nelson, then at Palermo, by Cardinal Ruffo, who did justice to the merits of Colonel Darley by a strong recommendation of him to the king.

Sir John Acton wrote, thanking Colonel Darley in the king's name, and enclosed a commission appointing him Lieutenant-General of the Calabrian army; this promotion satisfied the Cardinal, and gave no disgust to the officers, whose friendship Darley had conciliated by the affability of his manner, and his readiness to forward every suit addressed to him as the friend of Cardinal Ruffo. Shortly after this the army advanced, and Castela Marre, with a number of vessels, surrendered, without firing a shot, to Commodore Foote. The garrison consisted of rebels, who were afraid to wait the approach of their countryman the Cardinal, as he seldom pardoned any one opposed to him in arms.

The foot of Mount Vesuvius was traversed, Portici taken, the French out-posts driven in, and Naples invested on all sides in a very few days, the Calabrians behaving with order, perseverance, and courage. The Russians and Swiss, under Colonel Schudy, took possession of the town on the same day that General Darley carried by assault the Castel de Carmino. The battle was very

bloody, and Cardinal Ruffo, bare-headed, appeared amidst showers of balls in the very front of the storming party ; General Darley with his own hands struck the Gallo-Neapolitan flag, and reared that of Sicily in its place. He was wounded slightly in three places, and for this action the Queen of Sicily sent him a letter, written by herself, with a diamond ring valued at two hundred pounds, assuring him of her favour and protection. The day following the taking of Carmino, General Darley entered Naples with three regiments, and assisted greatly in restoring tranquillity to that capital. The French were now closely besieged in Fort St. Elmo, Castles de Nuovo, and Ova, by the Russians and a select brigade of Calabrians, the remainder being encamped outside of the town.

The British and Sicilian gun-boats kept up a severe fire on the castles, who in a few days capitulated to Cardinal Ruffo and Commodore Foote, upon condition of being sent to Toulon free of exchange. This capitulation included both Neapolitans and French, who might be in the castles of Ova and Nuovo, St. Elmo still holding out. The arrival of the British fleet, and the breaking of this sacred treaty by Nelson, are events which will be recorded in the long living annals of our country. As a correspondent of the *Scourge* has already given a short relation of this remarkable affair, I shall only notice the share General Darley had in it, which lost him the favour of Nelson, and his rank in the British service. Cardinal Ruffo, accompanied by General Darley, repaired on board the *Foudroyant*, and endeavoured to persuade Nelson from an act that would for ever disgrace him. Sir William Hamilton first, and Lady Hamilton afterwards, interpreted betwixt Nelson and the Cardinal, until both were completely exhausted, when General Darley was called in; but Nelson could not be moved, and at last wrote on a sheet of paper, "That no faith ought to be kept with rebels," and he was determined to break the capitulation. The Cardinal, accompanied by General Darley, retired in disgust. Thus, under the faith of a treaty signed by a British officer, were the garrisons marched out, instantly made prisoners, and closely confined.

The executions and banishments which followed, before the King of Naples arrived to sanction such proceedings, are stains that neither time nor history can efface, and the rapid fate of Caraccioli for ever deprives Nelson of that claim to impartial

justice and unbounded humanity, which the world previously had allowed him. General Darley spoke so warmly in behalf of British faith, that he found not his reception on board the flag-ship such as it had hitherto been, and his services entitled him to; he therefore seldom left his duty on shore. When Ferdinand arrived, General Darley met a kind welcome from him, which shewed that he was not displeased with the zeal displayed in defence of his misled subjects.

At the siege of St. Elmo, the General, as usual, acted with courage and conduct above all praise, and when events compelled Ferdinand again to abandon his continental dominions, General Darley carried over to Sicily six thousand complete troops, who under his command proved of infinite service in all the contests which took place at and near Messina, with the forces of Marshal Murat. In 1806, General Darley visited England, where he found his services in the cause of our ally rewarded by his being removed from the list of British officers!! Commodore Hood offered to introduce him at court, and get him restored to his rank, which however he declined, and returned to Sicily, where Ferdinand received him in the most flattering manner. He resided for some time at Palermo, and passed his time chiefly at court, where he was always a desired guest. Finding his health rapidly on the decline, and entertaining an idea that the country air might contribute partially to restore it, he solicited leave to retire for a short space to a small estate he had purchased near the city of Trapani, on the eastern coast of Sicily. He had selected this spot when he bade adieu to England, with an intention of passing there the remainder of his days, but the attentions of Ferdinand detained him in the capital until his complaints were so far advanced, that neither medical aid nor change of air could stop their fatal course.

Ferdinand did not permit him to depart like an exile, but, as a last mark of esteem, conferred on him the government of the town and castle of Trapani, an important trust, always given previously to this, to one of the chief nobility, or a relative of the royal family. It is said that the king shed tears at parting with this faithful servant of his house, and ordered him a royal escort to the place of his government.

After taking possession, and appointing a deputy-governor, Darley retired to his estate, seven miles from the town, and

situated on the sea coast. Here he employed himself, when the state of his health permitted, in writing memoirs of his life as connected with the revolutions at Naples—a work which he left unfinished in the hands of his natural son, (now a major in the Sicilian service,) who, it is to be hoped, may, some time or other, permit it to be published, as it must contain matter in the greatest degree interesting; for no one knew more of the secret springs which moved Ferdinand's cabinet at that momentous period than Sir William Darley.

He died at his seat, in the spring of 1807, without a struggle, of a dropsy in the chest, which, three years before, he foretold would prove fatal. Two hours previous to his death, an Englishman in the Sicilian service (Captain Boyce,) called upon him, and affectionately enquired how he did; the reply was (languidly smiling in his friend's face,) “I am just passing the trenches of death, to mount the scaling-ladder of eternal life, and fix my colours on the ramparts of mercy and truth.”

I have thus brought to a conclusion the life of this brave and virtuous man; he was formed peculiarly for the scenes in which his latter years were passed. He was a soldier without vanity; a courtier free from deceit; a Christian devoid of hypocrisy; and a friend to all that approached him in distress. His courage was tempered with prudence; his counsels by deep reflection, and a thorough knowledge of the world. He studied the Italian character in all its shades, and knew, either in the field, or in the cabinet, how to fix that wavering and inconstant people. He found Ferdinand surrounded by a mob—he left him protected by a well disciplined army. His learning was extensive; his ready wit made him the most pleasing companion; there was a witchery in his conversation which involuntarily rivetted you to the table he adorned; and though not exempt from Nature's common failings and amiable weaknesses, he could always, at will, make them give way to duty.

He lies buried in the church at Trapani, where an elegant marble tomb points out, in English and Latin, his name, honours, and services.

The British traveller in Sicily will often turn aside to visit Trapani, and the tomb of Sir William Darley. Let his name be thought of, not with that useless regret which ends in me-

sancholy, or that bold sorrow which audaciously murnurs at the decrees of Providence ; but let his remembrance tend to meliorate the heart, and prompt us to exercise those virtues which ennobled him here, and, it is to be hoped, ensured that felicity he sighed to enjoy as an inhabitant of “another and better world.”

In a letter to Lord Nelson, Sir Thomas Trowbridge thus speaks of Sir William Darley :—

“ Captain Darley sent in the latest information I have had from the headquarters of Cardinal Ruffo ; he is indefatigable, and my right-hand in all that concerns the army.”

Extract of a letter from Sir Thomas Trowbridge to Sir Samuel Hood.

“ Darley you will find at Portici, who will tell you what I wish as to placing garrisons in the islands of Portici and Ischia. I hope his merits will not go long unrewarded, for he is the life and soul of the Calabrian army. I shall not fail to recommend him at Palermo,” &c. &c.

From Sir Samuel Hood to Sir William Hamilton.

“ I am glad you have got Darley promoted ; his courage and perseverance merit every thing. His Calabrian regiments look just like English, but I fear they will be his death; if they do not see him before them in battle, they are sure to run away,” &c. &c.

A BRITISH TAR.

A NEW ORDER OF MONARCHS RECOMMENDED.

“ Non utitur Aculeo Rex cui paremus.”

SIR,

THERE are few political phenomena more remarkable than that which distinguished the close of the eighteenth century. I mean the revolution of France. That important event was succeeded by a warfare sanguinary perhaps as any which history has recorded ; the origin of which appears simply to have been the rejection of monarchy by one party, and the determination of their opponents to re-establish the prostrate throne ; perhaps, graciously themselves to undertake the charge of the perverse flock.

If, then, changes of domestic policy are thus obnoxio-

ous to foreign interference; if, in addition to those intestine animosities which usually attend them, they are liable to so violent an opposition from without, how gloomy becomes the prospect of human affairs; how diminished the hope of their amelioration, when amelioration must be purchased at so dear a price; and how estimable the expedient (could such an expedient be devised,) which, by conciliating political parties, prejudices, and opinions, might be the means of preventing in future the repetition of the calamities which have so long devastated Europe, and of those commotions which have so recently shaken kingdoms and empires to their foundations.

To accomplish this great end—to make so desirable a discovery—has for some time been the chief object of my researches: and for the reasons already mentioned, I will now submit the result of my reflections to the consideration of France, and of all states who in future may be dissatisfied with their respective dynasties.

It is generally known how considerably the moderns have advanced their attainments in mechanics; and that representations of the human figure have been constructed, fraught with contrivance so admirable, as to be capable, or at least apparently capable, of motion and of speech, of performing upon musical instruments, and of managing the game of chess. What I then propose is, that France should constitute a monarch, formed upon such principles. I would also extend this proposal to all nations who may hereafter be weary of being harnessed to the state-coach of monarchy. Artists, the most skilful, may be invited, and rewards proposed for the most ingenious pieces of mechanism. And if mankind in former times have been content to worship statues of wood or of brass, incapable of speech and of motion, why should the people of the present day refuse to venerate, as their monarch, a statue capable of both?

His majesty might be arrayed in all the customary

decorations : a crown radiant with precious stones might be placed on his head, and a sceptre in his hand. He might have his lords of the bed-chamber and groom of the stole, who would perhaps be more useful than such persons generally are. The office of the former might be occasionally to regulate the royal machinery ; and of the latter to be attentive to his majesty's appearance, and to adjust the regalia.

Should the aid which the royal authority would derive from pomp and splendour be thought insufficient to produce a due effect, recourse might then be had to that of superstition. The machine may be constructed with as much secrecy as possible ; the people be told that it came down from Heaven ; and that, like the palladium of Troy, it would be, whilst it remained among them, their security and defence. His majesty might be made to assume the eastern style ; to claim kindred with the sun and moon ; and his subjects be taught to believe that through the friendship of these luminaries for their monarch, the earth was blessed with light, warmth, and plenty. And lest his majesty should be thought wanting in any regal attribute, his touch might be proclaimed a remedy against cutaneous titillation, and the various tribes of troublesome animalculæ, taking care that the royal palm be previously provided with an efficacious application of brimstone or mercury. With such powerful recommendations, I doubt not, but that his majesty would in a little time be greatly respected, and that his subjects would be brought to regard him in an almost religious light, when time had rendered his person yet more venerable, and had confirmed his rights and pretensions.

As to the duties of government, for which, though a projector is generally sanguine in favour of his schemes, I must nevertheless admit that his majesty would scarcely be competent, and for the same reason which renders so many in high stations incompetent, a deficiency of

talent, we must here concede a little to those whose opinions are republican, and entrust those duties to a representation of the people; provided, however, that a revenue be allowed his majesty sufficient to support the dignity of his crown. The splendour and majesty of royalty might thus be retained, wherewith the eye would be dazzled, and the understanding blinded, a consideration of importance in government. By this means, also, the demands of the republicans would be satisfied, the royalist be indulged with the idol he has been taught to revere; and the troublesome interference of surrounding potentates be avoided.

I will now proceed to consider what other advantages would result from his majesty's administration.

Moralists and historians have uniformly arraigned the lawless and insatiable ambition of monarchs, as the source of the wars which have disturbed the world, and as the enemy of the rights and liberties of mankind. But his majesty, whose cause I advocate, will be found to be peaceable in his disposition, and moderate in his desires. Disputes about prerogative, and the right of taxation, will, under his auspices, be at an end. His subjects will repose in peace, and enjoy the fruits of their industry; for representatives of the people, parsimonious as the source from whence they are derived, seem to have little taste for magnificence, and to be insensible to the glorious importance of maintaining armies, and carrying on wars. Their ideas are too confined to enable them to relish that sublime pastime, in which the field of battle is considered as a kind of chess-board, where the game is carried on by tens or hundreds of thousands of animated combatants, and towns, cities, and provinces ventured upon the issue.

It is generally known what inveterate contests disputed successions have produced in monarchial countries: each of which, in its turn, has had its houses of York and of Lancaster. By the aid of seasonable repairs his

majesty would never be in want of a successor; and his people might exclaim with more sincerity, because, perhaps with better reason, than the Orientals of old,—“O King! live for ever!”

His majesty's civil list would be sufficiently reasonable—ten or twenty thousands per annum would suffice his majesty; and this moderation, when compared with the annual expences of other monarchs, will not, I presume, be found unworthy of notice.

Such are the arguments I adduce in support of my project, and I think they are of some weight. Should any of those who are fond of raising objections, and obstinate in maintaining them, persist in objecting to the mediocrity of his majesty's abilities, let such be reminded, that it is the inherent property of royalty to render its possessor incapable of error and of wrong. Abilities in the candidate are unnecessary. Crowns and sceptres are potent as the wands and sigils of magic. Kings, like popes, become infallible; and they who doubt it, may debate the matter with those Stentorian orators, who announce in thunder the “*Ultima Ratio Regum.*”

Nor are abilities in kings superfluous only, but pernicious; for those who have been endowed with brighter talents, have for the most part proved the most expensive and the most mischievous. Such were Alexander the Great of Macedon, the Emperor Charles the Fifth, Louis XIV. of France, and Frederic the Great of Prussia. His majesty may be compared, without disadvantage, to the most able and the most renowned of his illustrious brethren.

Frenchmen! to you I more particularly address myself. Make a trial of a monarch of a new order. Your late sovereign has been compared to Cæsar; let such be the Augustus who must succeed him! You may then have the satisfaction of observing one to another,—“It were well for mankind if he reigned for ever,” without being under the painful necessity of adding, “or that

he had never been born." How applicable to such a monarch the motto made use of by the generous Louis XII.—" *Non utitur Aculeo Rex cui paremus!*"

I would also recommend this project, inasmuch as it approximates to that mode of government which I conjecture to be peculiarly favourable to the human mind. As instances of the truth of this conjecture, I appeal to the histories of Greece and Italy. Behold these nations as at present degraded and insulted ! Behold them as formerly so gloriously pre-eminent that were an inhabitant of another world, to visit ours, and enquire into the human history, he would be justified in concluding that Greece and Italy were once inhabited by a race different and superior to the rest of mankind.

I now conclude : but in concluding, let me entreat all states who may adopt the plan I have proposed, not to ridicule the kings of each other ; let them think what they please ; but let them also be silent, nor emulate the invention of those ingenious nations, who discovered a pretext for cutting the throats of each other, in the circumstance of the one party preserving their beards, and the other dispensing with them.

THE PLAYFUL PHILOSOPHER.—No. III.

NEWSPAPER CONSEQUENCE.

Colonel T——, of sporting celebrity, requested a neighbouring friend, who was going from Yorkshire to London on his own affairs, to execute a few commissions for him in town. " Among the rest," said he, " I have an account at the — newspaper office. What the amount may be I don't know ; but pay it at any rate without haggling ; for you know, we men of ton must keep on good terms with these newspaper chaps, who are very convenient friends, and devilish formidable adversaries." The gentleman called at the office, got the account, and

paid it accordingly. It might not be fair to mention every article, but the following may serve as a specimen of the bill, viz.

To announcing the pregnancy of your lady, £1. 1s.

To puffing your stud, £2. 2s.

To publishing your sporting feats during the season, with embellishments, £3. 3s.

To drawing up by your order, and publishing, a statement to shew that the estate of ————— was not won from the Duke at play, but a *bona fide* purchase.—N. B. Much time and ingenuity required to make out a good story—charged accordingly, £10. 10s.

To suppressing an anonymous account sent to us by an unknown hand of your having been horse-whipped at ——— races, charged according to the service rendered, £2l.

To inventing and inserting an account of your having called Mr. F—— out, £5. 5s.

To a flaming description of your distinguished reception by the French emperor at his court, £3. 3s.—&c. &c. &c.

No wonder newspaper proprietors grow rich, or that some folks find them mighty useful auxiliaries.*

I remember when I was in America, the good folks there, who are great politicians, and very anxious for English newspapers, to know what's going on in Europe, did not seem to enter into the spirit and importance of many articles found in them of vast consequence here:—For instance, “The Queen walked in the gardens at Frogmore.” “The Princess Charlotte drove her beautiful ponies.” “The Prince took an airing on horseback.” “Such a one had the honour to kiss the King's hand.” “Mr. and Mrs. So and So arrived in town.” “Lord A. gives a dinner to-day.” “Mrs. B. at home this evening—cards and sandwiches, &c. &c.”—“Confound it!” cried

* I have dined with the Colonel at his house in town, when there have been four of his mistresses at table—all living together with him in the same mansion—yet the utmost harmony seemed to prevail among the ladies of the seraglio. But Miss Harriot, who afterwards rode the famous matches at ——— races, appeared to be the favorite Sultana.

the Yankey quid-nuncs, "if you English are fools enough to be pleased with such nonsense, why do you send it all the way across the Atlantic to us? You ought to have papers on purpose for exportation, and keep such stuff for yourselves."—But I ask, is it not truly delightful to think that some folks, who might have lived and died without their existence scarcely being known, or noticed for their virtues, talents, and so on, should have found out a short cut to fame, and thus have their names and exploits wafted from pole to pole, and even handed down to posterity by means of the newspapers? Poor souls, why should we grudge them such celebrity!

N. B. I must protest against the editor of the *Times*, who provokingly prefixes the word "**ADVERTISEMENT**" in large capitals to many of the puffs sent to his paper, where the parties often accuse themselves of all the cardinal virtues, &c. Last week particularly, a certain poet modestly extolled his late production as the *ne plus ultra* of human genius, and little dreamt, I ween, he should be played such a trick. Really, Messrs. of the *Times*, you ought to understand the mysteries of your craft better than to let the cat out o'th' bag in this manner!

NOTORIETY.

The late Lord Baltimore, proprietor of the province of Maryland, left a natural daughter, Miss H., with a fortune of £30,000, and appointed a Mr. Morris one of her guardians, who so far abused his trust as to persuade the girl to elope from a boarding-school near London, and marry him at the age of twelve. As her fortune was his principal object, and fearing his marriage with the minor under such circumstances might not stand good in England, he carried her to various parts of the Continent, and had the ceremony performed according to the rites and laws of different religions and states. Shortly afterwards his affairs called him to America, and he very injudiciously left his young wife at Florence till his return. The lady soon found out that there were other

men in the world more likely to please her than Mr. M—, who was at least old enough to be her father, and came to England to get the marriage annulled. The cause excited much interest and dispute among the civilians, &c. the foreign universities were even consulted—but at length the marriage was pronounced valid by the court. However the lady went another way to work, and brought forward the cause again, and finally succeeded in getting the marriage declared null and void by a convention appointed by the crown, consisting of three bishops, three judges, and three civilians. Morris spent the whole of his little property in sustaining the suits, and being of the profession went out to Calcutta to practice as a barrister, but the conscientious gentlemen of the long robe there refused to admit him at the bar, after such a breach of trust, &c. He went afterwards to Delhi, caught a fever and died. In his last illness, he said to an acquaintance now living in London—" Well, die when I will, I have the comfort of knowing that I have made some noise in my time, and have left a case on the books that will be known and quoted as long as law is law, and so hand my name down to posterity!"—Thus do some folks prefer even *infamous* notoriety rather than not to be known or noticed at all!

THE CONFESSION; OR, IN VINO VERITAS.

They say, "there's two periods when folks speak their mind—when they're *drunk*, and when they're in a *passion*." —Calling one evening on a gentleman I had known many years, I found him *solus* over his bottle—he ordered a clean glass, and made me join him. I soon perceived he was already more than half seas over. At length, with a piteous phiz, he began to sigh and groan, and shed tears without assigning any cause. At last, I asked him "What was the matter?"—" Oh, my dear friend," says he, "I'm the most miserable dog alive!—though nobody knows it."—" How so, pray?"—" Why ye must know, I hate my wife—I can't bear her at all!"—" Why, she appears

a very worthy woman, and I always thought you lived very happy together."—"Ah, but I don't like her for all that."—But what's the reason?"—"Oh its comfortable," quoth he, "to have a friend to unbosom one'sself to; I ought to have done it long ago.—I'll tell you what I never told any body before—even she doesn't know it.—You must know that I courted Betsy B. a sweet pretty girl, but she jilted me, and went off with another; so ye see, out of mere spite—I was fool enough to marry this woman; but, lord, I never liked her, nor never shall—she's no more to be compared with Betsy B. and I can't help thinking on her, though it's more than twenty years since I saw her." "But as she is your wife, and the knot can't be untied, you must make the best of it now; besides, she's the mother of a very fine family by you." "Ah, my dear friend, I'll tell ye how I manage that—ye see, when we're a-bed together, I contrive to make myself fancy I've got hold of Betsy B. and as it's in the dark, it passes off well enough, or else I cou'dn't stomach her at all!" Certainly, if he hadn't thus unbosomed himself to me, as he called it, I should never have discovered the long pent-up secret, for he always appeared to treat his wife with much kindness, and I really thought he was fond of her: to add to the ridiculous circumstance, he was a remarkably prudent cautious codger; and looked foolish enough the next time he saw me, recollecting how he had committed himself in his cups.

VERACITY; OR, TRUTH NOT TO BE SPOKEN AT ALL TIMES.

A plain-dealing old gentleman, who had returned from India, with an ample fortune, after an absence from England of nearly forty years, went down to S——n, his native town, with the intention of settling there. Shortly after his arrival, he was one evening at a party, and very naturally made enquiries after several of his former acquaintances of the place. Amongst the rest, he asked what had become of the Dowager Lady S——, "for," says he, "poor Sir Simon, her husband, and I, were chums

at college together, and a most excellent hearted fellow he was;—but he married a terrible virago." In vain the lady of the house and others of the party winked, nodded, nudged him, trod on his toes, &c. he didn't notice, or comprehend them, but proceeded, saying, "that he understood her ladyship was greatly reduced, having but a very small jointure to live upon, which," continued he, "to one of her abominable pride and former dash must be mortifying enough;—however, nobody can pity her, for she richly deserves it—her boundless extravagance ran through her husband's princely fortune, and her termagant temper broke his heart. Oh, she was a terrible vixen!"—At this, a lady of the party, started up *enragée*, went up to him, and exclaimed, " You brute, know to your confusion, that Lady S—— whom you have so politely descanted upon, now stands before you."—The old gentleman, with wonderful *sang-froid*, replied, "Certainly, madam, I did not know that your ladyship was in company, or common good breeding would most probably have led me to do like every body else, only to speak of it in your absence;—however, as what is now said, cannot be unspoken, the only apology I can offer is, that my *politeness* may be questioned—but my *veracity* cannot.—All the world knows it."

THE GREY MARE THE BETTER HORSE.

Mr. P—, the late P—t L—r —t, married a sister of the aforementioned Lady S. The same temper seemed to run in the family, each rivalled the other in extravagance and termagancy. Mr. P. at the instigation of his wife, had given his groom warning—the man applied to another gentleman to be hired in the same capacity—the latter, among other things, happened to observe to him, "I dare say now, your present master, Mr. P. often comes into the stables and orders matters rightly."—"I dare say," replied the man with much simplicity, "he does no such thing—Lord love ye, Sir,—Madam be all in all at our house; we never minds he!"

FAIR WARNING.

Mrs. F. the wife of Mr. F.—M.P. was the handsomest and first married of the late Rev. Dr. H—'s four daughters. After a short courtship, Mr. F. waited on her father to make formal proposals, the Doctor replied to him,—“I shall be very candid with you, Sir,—I cannot possibly have any objection to you as a son-in-law; but for your own sake, I am sorry you have pitched upon my second daughter: had you chosen either of the other three, they are amiable girls, and you might have been happy;—but I think it my duty to apprise you that H— is a most incorrigible bad-temper.—If, after this, you chuse to persist—you have my consent.”—Mr. F. was a bold man, and married her. How far the lady may have since answered her father's description, those who well know her can best testify.

CAPITULATION; OR, TAMING THE SHREW.

I was once invited to dine with several gentlemen at the house of another; in due time after dinner the mistress of the house, and the rest of the ladies withdrew, leaving the men to their wine. At rather an unusual short interval, a message arrived from the drawing-room, announcing that coffee was ready, and the ladies waiting—but the gentlemen seemed to prefer sticking to the bottle; and our host begged we would do as we pleased, saying,—“this is liberty-hall, gentlemen—liberty-hall, remember.” Presently another summons from above—another and another—still nobody budged.—At length the door of the dining-room flew open, and in bounced madam with furious looks and gesture, followed by Jacob the footman. “You ought to be ashamed of yourselves,” exclaimed she, “for being such beasts, and leading my husband astray in this manner—Gentlemen indeed!—but not another drop of wine shall you have in my house.”—She then proceeded to extinguish the fire, and, assisted by Jacob, bore off all the bottles in the cooler, thus leaving us destitute of warmth either for

inside or out. For some moments after her exit, we remained mute with astonishment, and our poor hen-pecked host looked particularly sheepish. The first man who recovered the faculty of speech was seated next to me, and being a scholar, he exclaimed "*furens quid femina possit!*"—Another, "this is liberty-hall for ye!" The brother of our host then said, addressing him, "by G—d, Jemmy, if I had such a b—h of a wife as yours—I know what I'd do."—"What would you do?" says James—"Why I'd chuck every morsel of furniture in this here room out of the window, to shew I would be master in my own house, and no longer live in Queen-street under petticoat government. She shou'dn't be mistress and master too—that's what's I'd do."—"Would you though?"—"Yes, that I would indeed."—"Then," quoth Jemmy, "ecod so will I—but will ye all stand by me though?"—"Aye, that we will to the last, my hero!"—"Then here goes ifegs!"—taking the precaution to lock and barricado the gate of our fortress.—Up went the window, and out flew the wine glasses and decanters, as the first act of annoyance, which falling into the area below, Jacob being in the front under-ground kitchen, and hearing the smash, popped out his head to see what was going on; and no sooner comprehending the state of things, than he hied to the white sergeant, and reported the mutiny. This Amazonian, finding admittance into our strong hold refused, and not being able to force an entrance, presented herself with her auxiliaries, Jacob, the cook, and the housemaid, in battle array, on the paved way in front of the castle, and assailed us with volleys of abuse from that female weapon the tongue; but we proved invulnerable to the assault. As chair followed chair into the street, we perceived the enemy's fire to slacken. And when they reconnoitred a large-pier glass half way out of the window they sounded a parley, and sued for a truce; hostilities were suspended; and the following articles of capitulation drawn up by a man of method among us, and announced from the citadel to the besiegers, namely,

Article 1st.—The garrison to be refurnished in *statu quo*, a fire lighted, two scuttles of coals, and four mould candles within fifteen minutes.—Answer, Granted.

Article 2d.—The key of the wine cellar to be immediately delivered up, with free access to the premises.—Granted.

Article 3d.—The drum-sticks, wings, &c. of the turkey left at dinner, to be devil'd and served to the troops of the fort within twenty minutes.—Granted.

Article 4th.—Beds for four, breakfast in the morning, and civil usage.—Granted.

The governor begged we would peremptorily insist on an additional article, namely—"complete amnesty for himself." The four first articles of the treaty were fulfilled with good faith;—respecting the 5th, not knowing, can't say, for after we evacuated the place at day-break next morning, we have never since been admitted within the walls, or heard from the governed governor.

A WISE FATHER WHO KNOWS HIS OWN CHILD.

Mrs. C. of S—n, was caught by her husband solacing herself in the arms of another during his supposed absence—the enraged cornuto next day went to her, attended by a friend, meaning to take away his three children—she parted with the two eldest without much emotion or remonstrance—but when he was proceeding to force the youngest, an infant, from her arms, she pleaded very pathetically to be allowed to retain it;—but the husband was inexorable. At length, she said to him, "Why now, C. you need not be so very anxious to have it, for it's none of your's I'll assure you. I'll tell you the truth, the eldest *is* yours; the second *may be* yours; but as for the youngest, depend upon it, you are no more its father than the man in the moon!"—An unexpected appeal truly; and puzzled the poor man amazingly!

A CIVIL MESSAGE.

Mrs. C. the afore-mentioned delectable lady, retired to the adjacent town of A—r, during the storm at S—n. Capt. —, an inhabitant of the latter place, happened to

go over to A—r, and meeting Mrs. C—, she accosted him by saying, “there is a fine talk about me at S—n I suppose.” “Why,” replied he, “folks will talk ye know on such occasions.” “And pray,” quoth she, “What does Mrs. so and so—and Miss so and so, &c. &c. &c. say about it,” naming several of the most consequential and reputed immaculates of the place. “Curse ‘em, I hope they don’t pretend to give themselves airs, and join the cry against me; because ye must know, that we were great cronies before my late blow up, and used to communicate unreservedly our adventures to each other; now I know a pretty deal about them, quite as bad as my affair; and if they do not take care and keep a civil tongue in their heads respecting me, I’ll turn the tables on ‘em with a vengeance, and I wish you’d *civilly* tell ‘em so from me when you return:” which at her particular request, he promised to do, and very conscientiously kept his word. Being a bit of a wag, he addressed a note to each of the ladies designated, communicating Mrs. C—’s civil message in the politest terms imaginable. These chaste Susannahs were marvellously scared in consequence, requesting an interview with the Captain, in which they more than tacitly acknowledged they were but too much in Mrs. C—’s power, implored secrecy, and begged him to pacify and assure her they felt for her exceedingly, and so far from speaking against her, they had, and would continue to take her part as far as they dared, &c. &c. &c.

Should this article meet the eye of any of those vestals, let them not be alarmed—they are safe—the *fact* only and not the *parties*, will ever be mentioned.

ASTONISHMENT.

Mr. and Mrs. de la F —, of S—n, used to contrive out of an income of £200 a year to give sumptuous dinners, with claret, &c. to their high mightinesses the Polygonians, about once a quarter, and lived on the fragments for some weeks after. On one of these jubilee occasions, when persons of more than usual consequence

had been invited—Mrs. de la F—— was determined to out-do all her former outdoings, and insisted to have the management of it entirely to herself without interference, and she would astonish him with her magnificence!—and astonished indeed the good man was; for when the time arrived, and dinner was announced, ushering the guests from the drawing into the dining-room, he was so thunderstruck at the splendour of the table, which suddenly burst upon his ravished sight at their *entrée*, and so far exceeded his expectations, that in the surprise and simplicity of his soul he exclaimed aloud, before the whole company, “Lord, my dear!—where did you contrive to borrow all this fine plate, glass, and china?—I hope nothing may be lost or damaged though, or we shall have to make it good you know.” This was exposing the nakedness of the land with a vengeance!—his dame looked unutterable things at him, but prudently reserved herself for a certain lecture, when she should have him all alone to give him a jobation!

CONGRATULATION.

An elderly gentleman, a widower, had a lovely daughter, his only child and companion, whom he had taken great care to educate, and was doatingly fond of her. At nineteen she married; a friend came to congratulate him on the occasion.—“A pretty subject to congratulate me upon truly,” replied the parent: “here comes a fellow that I don’t care a farthing about, takes away my darling daughter from me—my only comfort, after I had taken such pains with her for nineteen years, just as I had brought her to perfection, does what he pleases with her, keeps her entirely to himself—and moreover, has the impudence to expect that I should give him a large sum of money to boot, which he calls a dower, for doing it. And here you come to congratulate me, forsooth, on the occasion! More need condole with me I think—I’m a

d-mn'd deal more an object of pity than congratulation; let's have no more of that, I beseech you!"

I fancy many parents, similarly situated, feel pretty much like the afore-mentioned gentleman, though they may not so frankly avow it. And even the welfare of the daughter cannot reconcile them to the sacrifice.

DR. SPURZHEIM's CRANIOLOGY.

SIR,

FROM the time of Horace to the accession of the present virtuous, chaste, benevolent, and pious Prince Regent, the *laudatores temporis acti* have been the objects of poetical satire and moral declamation. To eulogize the ancient schools of philosophy and science; to compare with invidious scrupulosity the characters and the talents of antient worthies with the degenerate individuals who command the admiration of a British public, were the favourite occupations of the most popular critics of the eighteenth century; and but for the independent spirit, and the manly eloquence of the Colossus of modern literature, might have discouraged the exertions of humble industry, and repressed the flights of conscious and original genius.

But the times are altered. We no longer indulge in the admiration of former periods; no longer eulogize the literary, scientific, or social superiority of preceding ages. Self-confident in the pre-eminence, intellectual and personal, of the present generation, our popular orators indulge in compliments to the "most thinking people in the universe;" our poetical effusions are regarded as superior to the productions of Chaucer, Milton, Dryden, and Pope; and the exploded systems of medical and chemical philosophy, give place in the estimation of the public to the hypotheses of Adams, and the experiments of Carpue.

Within the last few years novelty has been received in

every circle of society above the level of the multitude as a substitute for excellence. Every invention and every doctrine which partakes of the mysterious and the wonderful, is certain of a favorable reception among that numerous portion of the community who unite the ambition of varied and unusual attainments with feebleness of native intellect, and ignorance of the initiatory principles of learning and philosophy. The absurd and useless mnemonics of Professor Feinagle, injurious as they are to the correct and permanent operation of the memory, and productive of the most pernicious influence on the literary taste of his credulous and injured pupils, have enabled the learned and disinterested professor to launch his curricles, and ornament his villa. The tractors of Perkins are still the profitable resource of needy ignorance, and the successor of Dr. Della Lena sells his *infallible and universal panacean earth* at a price which enables him to sport his cream-coloured horses, and attend the Grecian orgies of St. James's-street.

Among the most conspicuous of those learned and disinterested gentlemen, who are influenced exclusively by the love of science, and the purest principles of *philanglicism*, Dr. Spurzheim pre-eminently demands the grateful admiration of the British public. Despising the petty and contracted prejudices which attach the feelings and the prepossessions of vulgar minds to their native country, he forsakes with a liberality and destitution of prejudice never to be sufficiently admired, the scenes of his early study, and his later *celebrity*, with the laudable and benevolent view of "communicating his discoveries to a foreign but liberal and ingenious nation." That no doubt may be entertained of his willingness to communicate instruction, he gratifies the curiosity of the public and supplies its wants, by the immediate manufacture of a portly octavo, at the moderate price of 30s. which an idiot might as easily understand as the most profound philosopher, and by which (so original and far

removed beyond the usual scope of human comprehension are the arguments and doctrines of Professor Spurzheim) the sagacity of Newton, or Locke, or Davy, might have been eluded or defied. Obscurity, according to Burke, is one of the constituents of sublimity, and ingenious perplexity the most important adjunct to the charms of natural beauty. Estimated by this criterion, even the envious detractors of Dr. Spurzheim must acknowledge that his writings are at once sublime and beautiful.

The merits, however, of this singular and important work will demand a more minute and serious analysis than we are enabled or inclined to produce after a casual perusal. The incidental discussions, connected with the doctrine of Craniology, will of themselves require the most attentive and rigid examination, and we shall therefore confine our present observations to some general remarks on the beauties and merits of the system, on the advantages which are likely to accrue to society at large by its general adoption, and on the peculiar philanthropy, modesty, and benevolence, of its projectors, professors, and supporters. "*Immortal honour*" may surely be claimed by the propagators of a system which unravels the perplexities of government, resolves the uncertainties of critical enquiry, instructs the judge, and enlightens the jury, renders superfluous or unnecessary the proceedings of courts martial, and enables every individual to estimate his own powers and the character of his friends. The enlightened disciples of Paine and Houston will derive the most exquisite gratification from the promulgation of Dr. Spurzheim's theory. It is inconsistent with the benevolence of an Almighty Being to punish the propensities which he has himself impressed on the organs of the cranium. According to the doctrine of the Craniologists, the atrocities of the murderer can only be ascribed to the magnitude of his organ of *destructiveness*; the commission of a rape, the indulgence in an act of adultery, or the gradual progress of deliberate

seduction, are all occasioned by the length and breadth of the organ of *amativeness*, or physical love. Infanticide indicates its origin, in the smallness of the organ of *philoprogenitiveness*; and when a mother is accused of violating the feelings of nature, and of strangling a child, she may safely appeal from the mistaken severity of the law to the *flatness of her skull*.

The atrocities of Buonaparte have been the subject of general declamation for a long period of time, and have recently awakened the powers of Europe, not only to a sense of the dangers which must be apprehended from his political ascendancy, but to the desire of effectual and permanent vengeance. How fortunate would it have been to Napoleon, how consoling to the allies, had they studied with attention the doctrines of Gall and Spurzheim! they would have then discovered that all the injustice of which he is accused, all the atrocities which he has committed, all the malignity which he has displayed, are solely to be attributed to the extent of his organ of *destructiveness*. They surely would not attempt to expose a fellow-creature to the block, or to the halter, for the prominence of his nose, or the irregularity of his teeth; and why should not the same indulgence be granted to his organ of *destructiveness*?

The readers of the *Scourge* have been at once amused and afflicted by the ludicrous and deplorable biography of Cook the miser; and the death of Mr. Hinckly of Gray's-inn was calculated to make a deep and mournful impression on the minds of his friends. But the philosophy of Spurzheim dissipates, by the comfortable discoveries which it contains, our contempt of avarice, our hatred of selfishness, and our wonder at absurdity. Neither Cook nor Hinckly were to be blamed for their eccentricities; they could not help the propensities with which they were endowed by nature; and were compelled throughout the course of their long and singular lives to commit the most blameless acts of meanness, misanthropy,

and ingratitude, by the prominence of their organ of *covetiveness*. "According (says Dr. Spurzheim) to all that I have observed in comparing animals and men with respect to functions of this faculty, it seems to me that the special faculty of this organ is the propensity to gather and acquire—to covet without determining the object to be acquired, or the means of acquiring it. This faculty gives a desire to all that pleases, money, property, animals, servants, land, cattle, or any thing on the earth. This faculty produces *egotism* and selfishness." From this passage, it may be concluded, that Counsellor Ego, in the very brightest moments of self-congratulation, was entirely impelled by the organ of *covetiveness* to amuse his hearers with eloquent panegyrics on his own talents and virtues; that Dr. Busby's avarice of praise, and appeal to the audience of Drury, was not the consequence of folly, impertinence, and deliberate quackery in the sense commonly attached to these epithets, but was the result of a protrusion of the skull; and that Dr. Spurzheim himself, in publishing an octavo, consisting of garbled extracts from productions which have long been familiar to every respectable library, may justly appeal for his defence to the protuberance of No. VIII. in the classification of his cranium. I wish that he had possessed in an equal proportion the organ of *contractiveness*.

The courts of justice, and the special jurors to whom economy of time is an important object, will feel, if their organs of gratitude be of due proportion, the most ardent emotions of exulting thankfulness. The craniological instructions of Dr. Gall will not, it is true, enable us to determine whether an individual has actually been guilty of murder, or theft, or perjury, or rape; but a simple examination of the skull will ascertain beyond the possibility of doubt, whether the culprit is born with a propensity to the crime of which he is accused; and since prevention is better than cure, the sooner he falls a victim to the just precaution of the law, the more creditable to the

court and to Dr. Spurzheim, and the more beneficial to the community. "There was a certain thief (says Dr. Spurzheim) whose propensity to steal was so energetic, that even when dying he stretched out his hand in order to steal the snuff-box of his confessor."—"The chaplain of a regiment in Prussia, a man of great intelligence and ability, could not avoid stealing handkerchiefs from the officers upon parade. The commanding officer esteemed him much, but as soon as the chaplain made his appearance, all cabinets, presses, and cupboards were shut up, for he had carried off handkerchiefs, towels, shirts, and even women's stockings. This organ is situated at the temples on the anterior inferior angle of the parietal bone."

The discovery of the organ of *covetiveness* has a tendency to explain many unaccountable and singular phenomena which have long perplexed the speculation of mankind. When the Prince Regent, whose deference to the opinions of his people, and sorrow for the amount of the national burdens, are so generally known, condescended to solicit, for payment of his tailors' bills, one hundred and fifty-six thousand pounds, from the pockets of his loving subjects; when Lord Grenville, a patriot and an advocate of reform, graciously consented to receive fifty thousand pounds per annum from the public treasury; and when John Bowles and Alexander Davison, the most loyal, the most benevolent, and the most virtuous of men, were punished by a base and ungrateful nation for participating in the embezzlement of exhaustless treasures, all speculation was defied, and the organs of astonishment were called into vehement exercise. Thanks to the discoveries of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, all perplexity is vanished, and in spite of the clamours of a Burdett, a Tierney, and a Baring, the necessities of the palace, the pensions of the Buckinghamshire lords, and the peculation of Valentine Jones, are explained and justified by the prominence of the *covetous organ*. A discovery like this demands the equal gratitude of every rank and description

of society: the sinecure placeman, the pluralist, the stock-jobber, the quack-doctor, and the Craniological lecturer, may all appeal for the defence of their particular pursuits by the exhibition of their protuberance. A similar principle will extend to all the vices and the follies of society, and I shall endeavour to elucidate its application, in a future number, to several recent and remarkable examples of its truth. In the mean time I trust that the organ of patience in the skulls of the majority of your readers is of a reasonable magnitude.

P. P.

POLITICO-DRAMATICO EPISTLE.

Occasioned by recent Events.

Happy those, though not so learn'd are thought,
Whom life instructs; who, by experience taught,
For new to come from past misfortunes look;
Nor shake the yoke, which galls the more 'tis shook!

CREECH.

DEAR ARTHUR,

I'll tell you what:—the facility with which the late ENORMOUS LOAN was acquired by the Minister, ought, while it excites your Wonder, to convince you that your opinion respecting a certain veteran's *School for Reform, is nothing more than *Botheration*, *The Dash of the Day*, or the effect of a *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. Those who undertake the Management of our Delays and Blunders,—(that den of *Honest Thieves*, by some called the Cabinet,)—having advised a *Confederacy* with the *Hero of the North*, to supply him with *Ways and Means* to fight his

* Major Cartwright.

own battles, found it necessary, for *Raising the Wind*, to declare war against the *Caitiff of Corsica*, who has long since adopted the infuriate and licentious principle of *Killing no Murder*; and yet whoever recollects the *Chapter of Accidents* since the treaty of *Fontainbleau*, cannot but be of opinion that he may yet lead them a *Wild Goose Chase*, which may ultimately prove a *Tragedy Rehearsed*, and incline the most grave politician to think *The Deuce is in him*.

Without, however, entering into any kind of *Speculation*, as I know you are a *Man of Business*, and as I wish to do away those *False Impressions* which you seem to have imbibed from a certain *School for Prejudice*, by some well meaning men thought to be a *School for Arrogance*, permit me, your *Next Door Neighbour*, whom you will not suspect of having *Two Faces under one Hood*, to allay the *Tempest* of those feelings which have arisen against certain political *Smugglers*, in making what you consider a *Blind Bargain*.

You exultingly exclaim, in allusion to a recent transaction, *What a Blunder!* and deridingly enquire *Who's the Dupe?* declaring that the English people are *Too civil by half*;—that the ministry are *All in the wrong*;—that Lord C——h ought to be tried as a *Delinquent*, particularly for acting the part of a *Double Dealer* as an *Irishman in London*, and be brought to condign punishment, *Guilty or not Guilty*. But leaving his lordship's countrymen to settle with him as they please respecting his *Artifice* or his *Duplicity*, and admitting for a moment that he may have performed the *Double Gallant*,—(in which opinion, by the bye, I do not wish to be considered as filling the part either of the *Busy Body* or the *Positive Man*,) I should advise you to recollect, in the *Search after Happiness*, particularly of a political kind, that *Grieving's a Folly*; that, whether from the *Indiscretion* of a *Citizen* or a *Cobbler*, *John Bull* becomes a sufferer, while *Such Things are it is the wisest way for him to take All Things in good Humour*, and never permit his spirits to

be depressed by the *Chains of the Heart* :—that however rapidly the *Wheel of Fortune* may turn round, and he may occasionally meet with *Cross Partners*, and sometimes be compelled to *Whistle for it*, he should always make it a *Point of Honour* not to pry too closely into the affairs of the *Secret Tribunal*, nor pay strict attention to certain *Orators*,—(by some designated the *Forty Thieves*,*)—lest the *Fatal Discovery* might convince him, that many of them were nothing better than *Gay Deceivers*, performing certain parts of the *Beggar's Opera* in *Double Disguise*, with salaries of more than *Five Thousand a Year*!

Finally, it having been admitted as an axiom among political *Gamblers*, who sometimes pretty accurately calculate on the doctrine of *Chances*, that, *Hit or Miss*, there are *More Ways than One* to dispose of *New Hay at the old Market*, he should endeavour to act the part of the *Good-natured Man*, without troubling himself with any ministerial *Plot and Counterplot*; though it might perhaps be asserted, without any risk of being termed *Lyar*, that *Appearance is against them*, and a hope might be ardently cherished by every well-wisher of his country, that our rulers may be *Reformed in Time*.

Leaving the further consideration of such *Robbers*, as I have heard you harshly term them, till another opportunity, I trust that the spirit of Britons will always keep the constitution *Safe and Sound*; and that, whether *Abroad or at Home*, I may have the heart-felt satisfaction to find *England Preserved*!

I remain, dear ARTHUR,

Yours, *All in a Bustle*,

June 6th, 1815.

BARNABY BRITTLE.

* It may perhaps be necessary here to mention, that no allusion whatever is intended to the number (40) which is well known to constitute the members for business in a certain political assembly.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

SIR,

If any subject connected with the morals, the manners, and the habits of the age, peculiarly demand the animadversion of the periodical censor, it is the absurd and injudicious system of *female education*, by which the minds of the rising generation of the fair sex are enfeebled, their feelings perverted, and their happiness destroyed. The intelligence, the good sense, and the native consciousness of propriety, so peculiarly characteristic of English women, at the accession of his present majesty, have been succeeded, after the lapse of years, by affectation, friyolity, the parade of accomplishments imperfectly acquired, and the sacrifice of every domestic virtue, and every useful acquisition to obtrusive display. It is no longer enquired whether a female of the middle and wealthier classes be amiable, virtuous, and sensible, but whether she be accomplished. An acquaintance with her native language is a secondary object compared with the exercise of the pencil in velvet painting; a tawdry sketch of some paltry landscape is a more acceptable present to her friends and guardians than the most exquisite effusions of reflection and good sense; and a smattering of Italian, supplies the place of religious impressions.

But these are trifling evils compared with the pernicious consequences attending the universal prevalence of musical instruction. The minds and bodies of the rising generation are exhausted and debilitated by intense application to the harp and the piano; and the cultivation of every social virtue, and every useful pursuit, is precluded by the attempt to acquire a science in which few arrive at mediocrity, which, in the maturity of life, is seldom a source of consolation or amusement, and which communicates no pleasure or advantage at all commensurate with the intensity of the application required, and with the neglect of more important studies.

It is not unusual for the innocent victims of a father's vanity, or a mother's fondness, to be doomed from their sixth to their fourteenth year to the practice, for six hours in the day, of lessons on the piano. Many of the unfortunate individuals thus employed, from deficiency of ear, or disgusted by the irksome repetition of their daily task, return to their friends as imperfect in musical science as in every branch of regular and profitable education. Of the few who obtain some degree of proficiency in the art, the greater number, after being established in life, totally abandon their musical pursuits, and having no resource in the reflections of a cultivated mind, or in the gratification of literary taste, expend the evening at the card-table, and the morning at the auction-rooms.

It is difficult to find, even among the polished circles of society, a female who possesses even a superficial knowledge of English literature; who understands the foundations of the common principles of religion and morality, or can analyze a single phrase which she pronounces, or sentiment which she feels. All their ideas are fleeting and undefined. They are enraptured with a novel, they know not why, and are charmed with the beauties of Scott and Byron, because their images are so pretty, and their characters so frightful! The degeneracy of the drama may in a great measure be ascribed to the errors and deficiencies of female education. Were the theatres frequented only by men, every piece presented for their acceptance, or rejection, would be candidly and judiciously analyzed. The first impression of every successive scene would be suffered to pass away; grossness assuming the garb of wit, and bombast usurping the pretensions of sublimity, would be banished from the stage by the deliberate sentence of a reflecting audience. But when a female, though unembued with judgment, taste, or the slightest acquaintance with human nature, weeps at the ravings of Alhadra, or smiles at the buffooneries of Harlequin Hoax, who shall resist her opinion or op-

pose her decree? The offensive witticism, the hackneyed tricks, the inflated sentiments, and the incongruous dialogue of our modern dramas, are exactly on a level with the attainments and the intellect of that great majority of our female gentry, whose early years are devoted to strumming the harp or the harpsichord, while all that contributes to form the kind companion, the fascinating friend, the affectionate wife, and the prudent mother, is neglected till a period of life when repentance and reformation are too late.

The amusements of the present female generation seem contrived for their entertainment, rather as they are women than as they are reasonable creatures, and more adapted to the sex than to the species. Their toilette is the great scene of business; a morning is occupied by the adjustment of a broach, and the arrangement of a ringlet; and an excursion to a mercer, or a jeweller's shop, is the most important occupation of a modern fine lady. Well might Lord Byron exclaim against the frivolity of our young men of fashion, occasioned by the influence of the female world, when, on departing for Athens, his friend excused his abrupt farewell by observing, that he was engaged to escort a lady to her milliner's!

The influence of this mode of education is the more to be regretted, as the productions and accomplishments of the fortunate few, who have escaped the contagion of example, and devoted their faculties to the instruction or entertainment of mankind, have attained a height of literary eminence which the most able of the opposite sex might vainly emulate. An intuitive knowledge of the springs and motives of human action, and an instinctive and decisive conclusion respecting the views, the sentiments, and passions of mankind are the characteristics of *cultivated* woman. The characters of the Countess de la Motte surpass, in the skilful combination of light and shade, in grace of manner and correctness of outline, all that masculine rivalry has been able to produce. In the

creation of original and ideal character, but more particularly in the embellishment of individual portraiture by the romantic and splendid attributes of chivalry, heroism, and devoted love, the productions of female writers may claim, if not a decided pre-eminence, an undisputed equality with the best productions of the opposite sex. It may be doubted if any poet, or any age, has more successfully combined the accurate delineation of individual character with the splendor of ideal portraiture, than Miss Porter in her novel of Wallace. Miss Baillie's tragedy of Basil combines the most acute and felicitous development of the progress of a particular passion as it might operate on mankind in general, with an accurate analysis of its secret operation in the singular structure of her hero's habits and temperament. The Lord Oldborough of Miss Edgworth, and almost every other sketch, whether slight or laboured, of that admirable authoress, exhibit the most perfect acquaintance with all the varieties of human passion, and all the motives of human action.

If talents like these be not more frequently displayed, something perhaps may be justly attributed to the indiscretion and injustice of their natural protectors. It is a phenomenon not unworthy of investigation in the history of literature, that the majority of its brightest ornaments and its most favoured votaries have delighted to revile and vilify the character of woman. The most pointed sentences of the Grecian dramatists are levelled against the folly, the caprice, and the extravagance of wives and daughters; the choicest flowers of the Greek Anthology are culled from the satirical fragments of former ages; and the ribaldry of a licentious writer, whom we should blush to name, only yields to the disgusting asperity of Simonides. The satires of Juvenal exhibit a melancholy criterion of the morals and manners of a people, amongst whom libels so gross, and descriptions so impure, could be received with even partial indulgence. In modern times, all the energy of the satirist, and all the fancy of

the poet have been employed upon the fertile subject of female frailty. Even the first of the English poets, an enthusiastic admirer of the sex, occasionally forgets the decorum of his accustomed gallantry : and Adam, in a moment of passion, utters to Eve the following invective.

“Out of my sight, thou serpent, that name best
Befits thee, with him leagued, thyself as false
And hateful: nothing wants but that thy shape,
Like his, and colour serpentine may shew,
Thy inward fraud to warn all creatures from thee.”

Again:—

“Thy all is but a shew,
Rather than solid virtue, but a rib,
Crook’d by nature, bent, as now appears,
More to the part sinister from me drawn.”

“O ! why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create this last,
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels without feminine ;
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind ?”

Even Waller, the laureat of Love and the lady’s favorite, cannot refrain from asserting that

“Women are govern’d by a stubborn fate,
Their love’s insuperable as their hate ;
No merit their aversion can remove,
No ill requital can efface their love.”

Nathaniel Lee appears to have attained the climax of *Misogunism*:

“By Heaven, ‘twas ever thus
Where women had to do. Therefore, behold her
As a gangrene to the state, and cut her off,
The bane of empire, and the rot of power.
Yet there I’ll stay and fix my imagination
On all their mischiefs, murders, massacres,
And seas of blood they’ve spilt in former ages.

Woman, no more ! and when my heart is going,
 Sound but the name, the powerful spell shall bind
 Beyond Circean or Egyptian charms ;
 'Twill raise the lowest devils up in swarms,
 Unhinge the globe, and put the world in arms,
 Woman, that dooms us all to one sure grave,
 And faster damns than Providence can save!"

In the Spanish Friar, one of the characters exclaims—

" Oh virtue, virtue ! what art thou become,
 That men should leave thee for that toy, a woman,
 Made from the dress and refuse of a man ?
 Heaven took him sleeping when he made her too ;
 Had man been waking he had ne'er consented."

Otway, in Don Carlos, observes, that their great lord, the devil, taught women pride; and Rowe, in his Tamerlane, makes one of his characters exclaim—

" Their affections, pride, ill nature, noise,
 Proneness to change, even from the toy that pleas'd them ;
 So gracious is their idol, dear variety,
 That for another's love they would forego
 An angel's form, and mingle with the devil's."

The life of Boileau, who in his infancy was emasculated by a monarch of the dunghill, was assiduously devoted to the abuse of woman, and in the midst of his fulsome and servile eulogies on Louis the XIV. he deviates from the subject before him to indulge for a moment his favorite propensity. The satires of Pope combine, with a general tone of aversion to the sex, the most revolting indications of personal malignity. He is not content with asserting that " Every woman is at heart a rake," but accuses Ridotta of sipping cordials till she sees double, alludes to the dirty linen of Lady Mary, and approaches the climax of grossness by the following couplet :

" From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
 * * * by her love, or libell'd by her hate."

Every reader of these lines, and every admirer of Pope,

every reader of these lines and every admirer of Pope will lament the infirmity of his temper, while he acknowledges the splendour of his talents : but the most secure defence against the shafts of satire is a correction of the errors and follies which it derides and reprehends. This defence is within the power of every respectable matron, and every young and lovely female gifted with common sense ; but the preliminary step to all reformation, in female society, is the limitation of the hours now devoted to the acquisition of musical science.

P. P.

A NEW COLLEGE OF FINANCE.

MR. EDITOR,

IN this age of wonders, when the mind is astounded with a succession of the most unexpected occurrences, pressing on each other with a rapidity that baffles all conjecture, and sets at naught the gravest calculations ; when kings and emperors are dancing the hays, and like the man and woman in the weather-house, becoming prominent or receding as the rain or sunshine alternates—when the exile of one day is seen the next clothed with the imperial purple, and then in a few fleeting moons is again a wanderer—when the brokers of the Stock Exchange are reading lectures on morality, openly prosecuting false intelligence, and distributing large sums amongst our charitable institutions :—in such extraordinary times I wish to call your attention to a fact that perhaps does not partake less of the marvellous than any of the above, and which may not be found wholly unimportant in the present state of affairs ; the more so, as I deem it by no means improbable, notwithstanding we are masters of the French capital, that Louis has returned to his throne, that the arch-fiend Buonaparte has renounced any farther attempt to rule over that frivolous,

haughty, and vacillating people, and we are in strict alliance with every European power ; that in a few months we shall fortunately discover some new method of squandering our money that may lead to the necessity of a fresh loan —any hint, therefore, that may furnish ministers with a mode by which this may be effected without an additional tax, or other burthen whatever, on the shoulders of those who are already sinking under a load more than commensurate with their strength, may not prove quite unacceptable.

It has been asserted, and perhaps not without truth, that individual suffering sometimes has a tendency to promote the public welfare—thus the attempts to punish the primate and six of his suffragans, by a committal to the Tower, paved the way to the Revolution of 1688, and led to the final ruin of the Stuarts ; and the unjust seizure of Mr. Wilkes's papers caused the abolition of that odious tyranny exercised under the issue of general warrants ; but those advantages would, I apprehend, appear trivial in the eyes of a finance minister, in want of cash, compared with the benefit to be derived from the plan I shall have the honour of submitting through the medium of your magazine.

We are all, I believe, agreed on the general good resulting from education, although we may, like Doctor Bell and Mr. Lancaster, differ as to the system to be adopted, or the seminaries in which it may be imbibed. On these, as on all other speculative points, each will be for selecting that which most accords with his own, or his friend's opinion, and out of the various modes presenting themselves to the choice, many will determine as they would on the office on which they shall purchase a lottery-ticket ; and prefer that which has produced the most eminent characters just as they would buy at that which has disposed of the largest prize.—We every day read advertisements from those who undertake to qualify youth for all situations in life, some at an expensive rate,

others on a very moderate terms ; we are told of the two great English universities, Oxford and Cambridge, the one produced Mr. Pitt, the other Mr. Fox ; we likewise hear of the Scotch universities which produced the great Doctor Solomon, but the result of their education has uniformly been to enable to them extract money from the public, and I do not recollect that either of these gentlemen, although they have wasted immense sums of the public treasure, had ever yet learned the method of saving to the public purse. Now, Sir, it is with great pleasure I announce to you a system of education lately introduced that is likely, if followed up, to achieve this desirable end, and also that it has been exemplified in a student who has lately emanated from this respectable institution, which is under the controul of that distinguished personage, Lord Ellenborough, and the head-master is an honest and intelligent Welchman, named William Jones, with able assistants. Some time since it was thought prudent to send one of our senators, Lord Cochrane, to this college, and the first act, after he had taken his degrees, was to save the country six thousand pounds per annum, by giving the casting vote against the annuity proposed to be granted to the Duke of Cumberland on his very APPROPRIATE marriage. The society, of which his lordship is a member, consists, I understand, of six hundred and fifty-eight persons ; now, suppose each of these gentlemen to be sent for a twelvemonth to Law college, and that they make no greater progress than his lordship has done, it will still produce a sum equal to pay the interest on an loan of eighty millions !!! The matriculation, it is true, is somewhat expensive ; the regime rather severe, and unremitting attendance is required ; but then, when the great public advantage to be derived is considered, it must at least appear to be fully equivalent ; and it would be very easy to prevent any one from falling below the criterion fixed by his lordship, as in case of that happening from

indolence, or any other cause, it would only be necessary to send them back for another twelvemonth, or until they had become at least as proficient as their prototype.

OWEN ECONOMY.

THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.—No. III.

LISTON.

MANY performers have been indebted to the personal gifts of Nature for their advancement in life; and often, when their professional talents but poorly obtained for them the means of subsistence, a handsome face and a straight leg have helped them to an amorous widow with a plentiful jointure; or an opulent heiress pining for delights which money cannot purchase. The annals of theatrical history record several such transactions, and it is not impossible that the gentleman whom we last noticed (Mr. Conway,) may be reserved for a similar destiny; a destiny which not even the most capricious of fortune's tricks could ever have accomplished for our present subject. He therefore wisely determined not to wait for impossibilities, but soberly affianced an indescribable face to a lady whose external recommendations were rather solid than extensive, and calculated rather to fill the arms of her husband than to excite his imagination.

It happens with this actor, as it did with the preceding one, that it is impossible to speak of his abilities without reverting to his appearance, for the effect produced by the former is so materially connected with that produced by the latter, that it would be injustice to separate them. Let any judicious spectator only observe the audience when Liston convulses them with laughter, and mark the receding vehemence of that laughter as the persons themselves recede from the stage; he will find

that all those who are nearest to the actor, and can consequently best observe the comic expression of his features, laugh the loudest; while those who can only faintly discern that face which Heraclitus himself could not look upon without smiling through his tears, laugh rather from sympathy with the rest of the audience, and from a tolerably strong anticipation of the kind of look which this actor occasionally assumes. Nature is always superior to art, and it would be doing a great injustice to Nature if we suppose that the ludicrous face of Liston on the stage was one which he could put off when he quits the stage. He would rejoice if it were so; but in truth, like a good character, it accompanies him every where, and I dare say, he often finds it a passport in notice.

There was an actor in Queen Anne's reign who, from traditional accounts, seems to have been possessed of a countenance just as popular and profitable as Liston's. I allude to Will Penkethman. Sir Richard Steele, in the *Spectator*, celebrates his powers of face, and I find, in a prologue written by Walsted, (no mean antagonist of Pope, though now undeservedly neglected) two lines upon the same actor, which shew that no mean importance was attached to that part of Mr. Penkethman!

"One writes the spouse a beating from his wife;
And says, each stroke was copied from the life;
Some fix all wit and humor in grimace,
And make a livelihood of Penkey's face."

More than one dramatic wight of the present day have made a livelihood of Mr. Liston's face.

It must not, however, be supposed, for the supposition would be unfair, that no merit belongs to Liston, except that of a grotesque countenance, or that, if he had not such a face, he would cease to be a good performer. In truth, his face can be regarded only as a powerful adjunct, which speaks strongly to the eye, and indubitably adds largely to the influence he possesses over the risible

muscles of the audience, but he has other, and genuine comic powers : he may claim also the distinguished praise of being an original actor. We cannot name any of his predecessors or contemporaries whom he can be accused of imitating ; and what constitutes a remarkable proof of his originality is, that none among the latter attempt to imitate him. He walks alone through the theatrical hemisphere ; the path he has selected was never trod before, and perhaps will never be trod again. Of him it may almost be said, with literal accuracy, "none but himself can be his parallel."

Among the characters, which he most successfully performs, may be named Lord Grizzle, in *Tom Thumb*, and that of Bombastes Furioso. His song and dance, in the former, together with the dying scene, bears down criticism by the irresistible force of its ludicrous combination in person, voice, and manner. The inherent absurdity of the scene is absorbed in the matchless excellence of the actor. The same may be said of Bombastes Furioso. The mock heroic was never more admirably exhibited. The mad scene, and his combat with Artoxomenes, must be seen, to be understood. There is another sort of character, which he plays with great felicity, where law cunning, or vulgar duplicity, is exhibited as the dupe of its own supposed sagacity and wisdom. In the farce of *Love, Law, and Physic*, the part of *Jubin Log* is precisely of this description ; and it would be difficult to name a piece of acting more perfect, or more exquisite than Liston's delineation which conveys all that we know, and all that we imagine of a cockney traveller, full of his own importance, always afraid of imposition, and always its victim ; while at the same time, in his anxiety to repel what he thinks may be extortion, he is exposed to insult and derision for refusing just and customary claims. Meanness and arrogance, fear and confidence, stupidity and cunning, vulgarity and affectation, the attributes of a traveller from St. Mary

Axe, are all pourtrayed with a master's hand by Liston, in this character.

It would be unnecessary to recapitulate all the characters in which this performer has delighted the town. Numerous, as they are, we shall always be happy to see them extended, because we are satisfied, that, whatever part he assumes, he must embellish it with some qualities which he alone can impart. His dry humour, his comic tones, and though last, not least, his grotesque countenance, constitute a whole which must always secure him a distinguished place in popular estimation.

MR. MATHEWS.

" But let the generous actor still forbear
To copy features with a mimic's care !
'Tis a poor skill, which every fool can reach,
A vile stage custom honor'd in the breach ;
Worse, as more close, the disingenuous art,
But shews the wanton looseness of the heart.
When I behold a man of talents mean,
Drag private foibles on the public scene,
Forsaking Nature's fair and open road,
To mark some whim, some strange peculiar mode,
Fir'd with disgust, I loath the servile plan,
Despise the mimic, and abhor the man.
Go to the lame, to hospitals repair,
And hunt for humor in distortions there.
Fill up the measure of the motley whim
With shrug, wink, snuffle, and convulsive limb ;
Then shame, at once, to please a trifling age,
Good sense, good manners, virtue, and the stage."

Though I would not be understood to apply the indignant reproof of the poet above quoted to Mr. Mathews, in all its extent and severity, yet I consider him as justly open to the application of it in part. The censure is directed rather against the mimicry of individuals than of particular classes of society; and certainly, when any

one drags upon a public stage the peculiarities by which a man is distinguished, for the mere purpose of exciting mirth, and to procure gain, no reprobation can be too severe for such a practice. It degrades the theatre to a state of unlicensed buffoonery, and banishes from its walls all who have any respect for the dignity and security of social life. No man, indeed, has a right to make his living by the humiliation of another, whom neither vice nor impudence has rendered odious or contemptible; and it is difficult to determine whether we should most condemn the individual who practises such acts, or the audience who encourage them by their applause. We admire the talents of Mr. Mathews, as an actor, and have often been delighted with them also as a mimic, when he has confined himself to that species of mimicry which hurts no one because it does not imitate defects; but from a sincere desire to promote his own respectability and happiness, we could advise him to abstain from that mimicry which Garrick disdained to use from its meanness and vulgarity; and which Foote employed till he sunk his character into that of a mere buffoon. We know how fascinating it is, and how seductive, to have the power of delighting thousands by a few happy strokes of imitation; we know, also, how readily such a talent opens the door of opulence and fashion to its possessor; but let Mr. Mathews reflect upon the intrinsic value of the skill that thus secures him access to the tables of the polite and the elegant; let him remember that he is permitted to sit there only as the expected means of amusement, when the host, or any of his guests, shall condescend to require a display of his art; and when he retires, one half the company despise him, perhaps, for the prostitution of his abilities, while the other half fear him, lest they should be made his victims in the next assembly he visits. This ambiguous character must always belong to a man who is intent only on exposing private foibles, whether with the pen, the tongue, or the face; the libel-

ler, the slanderer, and the mimic, are alike tolerated; yet dreaded, and are alternately soothed or repulsed as they are believed to be willing or able to gratify animosity.

Abstracted, however, from the nature and end of mimicry, and considering the exercise of it only in reference to its fidelity and skill, we have no hesitation in admitting that Mr. Mathews excels any one whom we ever heard. We deliver this opinion as equally applicable to his imitation of individuals, (Curran, Lord Ellenborough, and Romeo Coates, for instance) as of particular classes of society, such as his mail-coach dialogue, his slang-tongue and phraseology in *Dick Cypher*, and his performance of *Somno*, in the *Sleep Walker*. His talents are indisputable; but the question is, whether they are of a description which can honourably or beneficially be exerted.

If we consider Mr. Mathews as an actor, we think he possesses considerable claims to applause, and might enlarge those claims, were not the actor too often sunk in the mimic, a propensity on his part which is encouraged by modern play-wrights, who, if they manufacture a character for him in some new after-piece, are sure to connect it with situations and incidents calculated exclusively to display the latter. Whoever has witnessed the performance of Mr. Mathews, in *Sir Fretful Plagiary*, must allow that he has talents for the delineation of nature of the highest order. The gradual developement of his tortured feelings, the agonizing smile, the peevish irritability of motion, and fretful impatience of manner, which he displays, while *Sneer* and *Dangle* are racking his feelings, are pourtrayed with exquisite felicity. His countenance, too, assumes a morose severity of expression, while the unconscious vehemence with which he buttons and unbuttons his coat, and the petulant manner in which he claps down the lid of his snuff-box, as *Sneer* is about to take a pinch, are all fine proofs of a deep insight into human nature, and strong

comic powers in the representation. Were there no other proofs subsisting of Mr. Mathews's talents, that alone would be sufficient to determine their existence. But he has given others. His performance of Falstaff was a very successful undertaking; so successful, indeed, that, though certainly not a perfect piece of acting, yet it surpassed the efforts of any contemporary. Mr. Bartley, who played the same character at Drury-lane, made Falstaff too solemn and sententious; too much like a moralist and a philosopher. Mathews infused into the character that spriteliness, that unabaitng humour, and that careless jollity which Shakspeare intended him to possess. The great fault of his delineation was, that he did not sufficiently vary his colouring; it was too uniform; there was too much laughing and chuckling, and too little of rich, humorous, and sly sarcasm;—yet, with all its deficiencies, we prefer it infinitely to any representation of the fat knight which we have seen since the days of Cooke.

These, and other characters, which need not be enumerated, convince us that Mr. Mathews, in seeking popularity as a mimic, is driven to that expedient from no penury of talent for the acquisition of a better fame, but from a perversion of judgment, which we hope he will soon correct.

POLITICAL EPITAPHS.—No. III.

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler.

SHAKSPEARE.

STOP, PASSENGER!

This monument enshrines the ashes of a man
Whose name was terrible to nations;
Whose deeds filled the world with their renown;

Whose crimes darkened the page of human nature ;
Whose power trampled on thrones and empires,
and principalities ;
Whose despotic rule, extending over Europe,
Created kingdoms and destroyed them ;
Whose ambition deluged the earth with blood ;
Till, at last, a world in arms, rushing like a mighty torrent,
Burst in twain the iron yoke that bound them to the dust,
And hurled the tyrant, in all the pride and glory
of dominion,
From his car of triumph and oppression.

Read the records of all past ages ;
Recall the actions of the most famous among the sons
of men ;
Cæsar and **Alexander**, **Hannibal** and **Scipio**,
Names of mingled glory and of shame ;
Or,
Retrace the dark transactions of those times
When **Attila**, and **Alaric**, and **Genseric**,
Led countless myriads to the classic fields of **Rome**,
Ravaged, and burned, and spread around
one universal desolation ;
Turn thine eye to warriors of nearer date,
Monarchs, and heroes, to **Scandinavia's** king,
Or him of **Muscovy**, whose patriot hand
Could sheathe the sword, and cultivate the arts of peace ;
Not one of these e'er boasted such renown,
Fearful renown ! as Providence permitted should
gather round this man !
Many a revolving year elapsed, pregnant
With woe, and misery to all,
And still the cry that summoned him to battle
Was but the certain harbinger of victory :
His blood-stained legions, ministers and instruments
of his wrath and lust of rule,
Carried their conquering eagles through various lands,
To banish freedom, and impose degrading servitude :
So long did this career of triumph last,
So ineffectual each successive struggle seem'd
Which suffering nations made,
And
So unerring was the victor in all which he denounced,

That Europe lay a trembling suppliant at his feet,
 The creature of his will, and victim of his rage.
 In that desponding, dark, and melancholy hour,
 When all was hushed, and Hope itself seem'd dead,
 When Liberty, deep gashed with many a wound,
 Lay prostrate in the general ruin,
 Her sacred torch, snatch'd from her feeble hand,
 Was wav'd aloft in Europe's farthest verge,
 And, like a beacon to the shipwreck'd mariner,
 Pointed the path of safety and redemption !
 In that disastrous moment, tempting his fate,
 He led his myriads to Scythia's frozen plains ;
 Countless hosts, like wave impelling wave,
 Swept o'er the desolated land,
 The stern destroyer look'd smiling on ;
 Saw blood and carnage spread around ;
 To him of value none, only as he deemed
 It would accomplish the gigantic hopes he cherish'd.
 Vain hopes ! That star of greatness which Lodi saw ascend,
 Turn'd pale at Moscow, and at Leipsic sunk !
 The fugitive, confounded and aghast,
 Looks back and sees avenging Europe in his rear,
 Arm'd as one man, close treading on his
 track.
 The walls of Paris once again receive him ;
 He rallies with despairing energy ;
 His throne totters beneath him ; his crown
 And sceptre fall ; once more he heads
 His legions : a mortal strife he wages,
 For empire and for life : fruitless labour !
 The conqueror is conquered !
 And he, who ruled o'er prostrate nations, now poorly
 barters all for liberty to breathe !
 'Tis granted; and a barren rock owns him for its
 master.
 There he might have passed inglorious days,
 Till Death's fell summons placed him--
 Dreadful thought ! at Heaven's tribunal,
 A man of blood, spotted with many crimes,
 To render his account before the Eternal Judges.

But his restless and preterurbed soul forbade
That any pact or social obligation
Should restrain him. In an evil hour
He quitted his abode, reared the standard of revolt,
And once more leagu'd the world against him.
Short was his triumph ! The day of WATERLOO,
(Immortal day for England, when her brave sons,
Led on by WELLINGTON, made the Gallic eagle
Cower beneath their steady valour,) fixed his doom
Irrevocably, and gave him captive
To that nation whom most his nature scorn'd,
And whom, with deadly hate implacable,
He had long pursu'd, aiming her utter ruin and
destruction !
Ask you this man's character ?
'Tis written in the annals of his time ;
Written there in characters which after ages will read
with wonder and abhorrence.
With wonder at his prosperous career,
Abhorrence of the vices that disfigured it.
Of birth plebeian, the force of circumstances,
Aiding the adventurous spirit he possessed,
Rais'd him from obscurity and indigence
To wealth, to honour, and a throne.
His sword, which never he had drawn in any righteous cause,
Carv'd him a passage to imperial sway.
Thousands and tens of thousands died that he might rule ;
Widows and orphans mourn'd for his supremacy ;
His sceptre was of iron ; his crown of blood.
A warlike chief, his army raised him high,
And he repaid his army by opening for them
A spacious theatre of pillage and destruction.
When elevated to power and dominion,
Absolute, uncontrolled, and so extensive,
That history scarce can give it parallel,
He used authority as a means only to enslave,
To punish, and afflict mankind.
If mere external splendor and undisputed sway
Could have made him great,
He might have claim'd the title.

Great, indeed, he was : but it was great only in the disposition and the power to destroy ;

Or if he created aught,

It was a spirit of universal despotism in the people whom he ruled,

Fatal to peace, to virtue, liberty, and religion.

Inordinate ambition was the spring of all his actions.

The instrument by which that spring was mov'd,

Treachery, fraud, rapine, violence, and war :

Where he fail'd, by open force, to gain his purpose,

He scrupled not to employ for basest ends the basest means.

The names of Pichegru, Georges, Wright, attest this ;

And thine, lamented Enghien ! in whom was violated, public and private law, and all The charities of social life. But why detail

The unbroken series of enormity ?

Truth has done her office. Let flattery, Or wilful ignorance, worse than flattery,

Name the single action of his life

On which approving Virtue could pronounce,

THIS IS GOOD.

PUBLIC SINGERS !

SIR,

If the cant of sensibility, the ostentatious misapplication of scientific language, and the profound analysis of distinctions without a difference, constitute an age of musical perfection, or be admitted as evidence of the prevalence of musical taste, and *unaffected* attachment to that beautiful and noble science, it cannot be denied that the frequenters of the national theatres in this fortunate country may claim precedence over the worshippers of Orpheus, and the patrons and founders of the Italian opera. But if delicacy of taste, an accurate acquaintance

with the principles and practice of music, a power of intuitive discrimination between simple harmony and its accordance with the sentiments by which the performer is supposed to be impressed, are the just indications of popular taste, or critical capacity, I am afraid that the claim of the English nation to the title of a musical people, will require more satisfactory reasons for its establishment than the testimony of the newspapers. It is not probable that with a perfect knowledge of what a musical performer ought to do, the good-nature of the race of amateurs so far overcomes their critical indignation, (or if they prefer the compliment, their love of truth,) as to praise the most offensive violations of propriety, and the most perverse indulgence in every professional absurdity. It is more probable that their imperfect acquaintance with the canons laid down by the great masters, and a total ignorance of the genuine principles of the art, are the true causes of their eulogy and forbearance. To praise is an easy task, and is attended with many incidental advantages. The boon companion, the jovial friend, and the distributer of orders, have claims upon the daily, weekly, and monthly journalist, of a nature perfectly irresistible. Who would comment on the lisping of Incledon after sharing his wine, or luxuriating on his turbot? even misanthropy itself might be ashamed to retire from the *petit soupir* of Mrs. Dickons to descant on the laboured affectation of her style; and a smile from the lips of Miss Matthews, would atone, in the opinion of the most rigid critic, for her total misconception of the character of Ariel.

It is not the purpose of this essay to descant with minuteness on the vocal and musical peculiarities of the principal members of the *corps de chanteurs*. Occasional imperfection may be excused, the absence of many qualifications in a science so difficult, and requiring the combination of so many natural and acquired accomplishments, may be regretted, but will always be forgiven; and where

a modest singer, though incapable of attaining the highest excellence, confines himself to limited but useful sphere, in which he has been destined by art and nature to move, he may always depend on the respect and the friendly wishes of the audience. But the majority of the individuals who now usurp the palm of musical science and execution, challenge, by their presumption, the most rigid scrutiny; and confiding in that public indulgence which is only granted to their partial and occasional merits, despise the animadversions of criticism, glory in their defects, and content with the plaudits of their friends, and the continuance of their engagement, despise the labour of self-improvement and self-correction, even when they are most necessary.

It is a singular but disgraceful circumstance, and fully characteristic of that vanity and self-conceit to which I have alluded, that there is not a male performer upon the English stage who combines a scientific knowledge of the musical art, and the requisites of a practised singer, with the demeanor of a gentleman, or the discrimination of a fifth-rate actor. Aukward in their step, affected in their gesture, indistinct and vulgar in their elocution, their excellence is confined to an accurate acquaintance with the gamut, and to the power of executing the works of the composers, when they condescend so to do with some degree of brilliance and correctness. But when they ever venture beyond the instructions of their score, they at once exhibit the deficiency and perversion of their taste, and of their unacquaintance with the science of which they have become the professors, but as a mechanical, and profitable pursuit. Delicacy of sentiment, tenderness of expression, the dignity of exalted passion, are all forgotten in ostentatious but inappropriate ornaments. "She died for love and he for glory," becomes the burthen of a cold and heartless cadenza, and "O'er fair Fidelia's grassy tomb," is converted into a polacca.

In the propensity to misplaced and superfluous orna-

ments, the majority of vocal performers despise the graces of action and demeanor as unworthy of cultivation. While their lips move, their bodies remain immovable, and if by chance they endeavour to impress the audience by propriety of attitude, their gestures dissipate the illusion of the song, and accompany by signs of tenderness, a bravura, denouncing the utmost extremity of indignation or revenge. In impassioned recitative, which expresses the conflict of contending passions, and the anxieties of an agitated mind, we have heard Mr. Braham prolong the ornamental passions till every other feeling was absorbed in astonishment at the misapplication of his powers. In the simple recitative of *Mandane*, Miss Stephens is not less complicated and luxuriant than in the airs and chorusses. Ornamental flourishes are adopted by Mrs. Dickons at the commencement of an air, and in describing the vehemence of kingly resentment, and the simplicity of conscious but inexperienced love. He never remembers that even a theatrical monarch, oppressed with the cares of state, or agitated by afflicting passions is likely to express his grief, his revenge, or his resentments, by a scientific arrangement of trills and quavers? The ingenuous tenderness of youth is most powerfully and delightfully expressed by that simple, chaste, and spontaneous harmony which appears to be the result of unpremeditated feeling, and unsophisticated tenderness. The violence of great passions, and the simplicity of youthful attachment are equally inconsistent with laboured expression, and the frivolous mockery of pretended science.

Independently of the mis-application of ornament, to which every existing singer is more or less subject, Mr. Sinclair possesses innumerable faults, some in common with his fellow performers, and some peculiar to himself. We had occasion to demand, two years ago, why in the name of common sense, he must always look like a school-boy going to be whipt, or a lawyer's clerk in search of an en-

gagement? The question may now be repeated with ten-fold propriety. With the most ludicrous appearance of self-satisfaction with his own person and deportment, Mr. Sinclair is without exception the most awkward actor on the stage. The Leon of Kean is not a more exquisite representation of awkwardness in disguise than the Richard Cœur de Lion of the Apollo of the age. Unfortunately the clownish simplicity of the one is only assumed, the vulgar self-complacency of the other will require the repeated lessons of a dancing-master, and the infusion of common sense into Mr. Sinclair's pericranium. We recommend him to the care of Dr. Spurzheim, who may, perhaps, be able to diminish his organ of *self-satisfaction*.

But the great and incurable fault of Mr. Sinclair is monotony. His delivery of "Pray Goody," in Midas, is the only example which he has presented of deviation from the manner and conception of his predecessors. Every individual possessed of an ear for music is able to anticipate the very graces, ornaments, and emphasis that Mr. Sinclair will adopt in any given piece of music. The mannerism of his style is insupportably fatiguing. Whether the character be grave or gay, sublime or comic, the character before us is always Mr. Sinclair. Singing, like speaking, should always be accommodated to the character of the fictitious personage; but Mr. Sinclair delivers the bravura of a monarch, and the arietta of a page, with the same solemnity of tone, and the same ingenious frivolity of expression.

The manners of Mr. Phillips are a striking contrast to those of Mr. Sinclair, but unfortunately in his attempts at eloquence, he has fallen into the opposite extreme. An appearance of pert self-consequence, a continual appeal to the admiration of the audience, a perpetual smile of affected complacency, repeated glances at the side-boxes, and an exit which appears to demand the probation of the audience, are the chief characteristics of this gentleman's demeanour, and have alienated the

attachment of his early admirers. It would be difficult indeed to account for the rapid success of his claims to popularity. Possessed of tolerable voice within a certain compass of the gamut, his transitions from high to low and from low to high, and even his high and low notes, independently considered, are sometimes ludicrous, and still more frequently disgusting. Nor is the presumption of this gentleman less evident than the imprudence of his pretences. The reasonable ambition of conscious talent may be admired or excused, but when Phillips so far forgets the respect and the justice that is due to superior genius as to attempt the *Wood-pecker*, and *Evelyn's Bower*, who is there that does not reprobate his vanity, as much as he contemns his vocal efforts? Were Mr. Phillips to relinquish his foppery of look, action, and delivery, and to select such compositions as best accord with the limited and imperfect compass of his voice, though he will never be great, he might become respectable.

(To be continued.)

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

THE season of the English opera commenced at the above house on Saturday, July 15, with the performance of the operatic romance of the *Devil's Bridge*, to which succeeded the entertainment of the *Boarding-House*. The part of *Count Belino*, originally written for Mr. Braham, who in point of vocal excellence stands without a rival on the British stage, was on this occasion sustained by Mr. Cooke. This gentleman is already advantageously known to the musical world. He was formerly leader of the band at Dublin, and is himself a composer of merit. Mrs. Cooke, his wife, who succeeds to Mrs. Mountain's cast of parts, is a pupil of the late Mr. Hook, and has attained to no mean improvement under the auspices of that veteran master. She, as well as her husband, are engaged for three years at the

Lyceum. But the principal novelty that has as yet appeared at this theatre is a Mr. Harley, from the Brighton stage, who performed the part of *Mascalli*, in the opera, and that of *Peter Fidget*, in the after-piece. He possesses the advantages of a good figure, with an expressive countenance, and evinces much versatility of talent. Like most new recruits from the provincial boards, he imitates too closely the manner of certain popular performers, who have established themselves in favour with a metropolitan audience. But this is a fault which his own good sense, aided by time and experience, will teach him to avoid. He is not deficient in native humour, and promises to become a useful and deserving member of the *corps-dramatique*.

At this early period of the season, no new drama has yet been brought forward at the Lyceum. But several novelties, we understand, are in train of preparation, of which report speaks favourably. But report, in these cases, we know but too well from repeated disappointment, ought ever to be received with great caution and mistrust. Indeed, from the samples we have witnessed, at the two leading theatres of Drury-Lane and Covent Garden, during the course of the last season, we are utterly at a loss to conceive by what strange fatality it happens that such miserable trash, as to the disgrace of the national taste and literary character, has been exhibited, could possibly have been served up by our dramatic caterers to the public. And our astonishment as well as indignation, on this point, are not a little increased, when we consider, that at each theatre there is a person appointed, with a competent salary, to peruse each dramatic piece sent in to the manager for representation, and to report thereon, previous to its being put into a state of preparation and rehearsal. What judgment must the said umpire possess, who after reading a miserable farrago of commonplace and buffoonery, knows solittle how to appreciate its merits? Or rather, what judgment must those possess, who in the first instance appoint, and secondly, continue in office such a bungling incompetent umpire?

HAY-MARKET THEATRE.

The summer campaign at this house opened on Monday, July 17th, with Mrs. Cowley's sprightly comedy of *A Bold Stroke for a Husband*, with the new musical farce of the *Rival Soldiers*, to which succeeded the comic entertainment of the *Village*

Lawyer. The company at this theatre is ably selected, and has received some new acquisitions, which hold forth considerable promise. Among the new appearances are Mrs. Belfield, Mrs. Haywood, Mr. Foote, Mr. Meggett, and Mr. Lindsay. Mrs. Belfield made her *debut* on the Haymarket stage, on the opening night, in the character of *Donna Vittoria*, in *the Bold Stroke for a Wife*. She has been complimented, in several of our public prints, on her figure---but in our censorial capacity, we cannot so far sacrifice to gallantry, at the expence of truth, as to join issue with her panegyrists, on this point. Her person is too corpulent to lay claim to the epithet of graceful, and her face too full and round to accord with our received ideas of elegance and symmetry.

Mrs. Haywood is a recruit from the Circus. Her personation of the amiable but tender *Mary*, in *John Bull*, was an interesting performance, and justified her transfer from the Circus to a regular stage.

Mr. Foote, who made his appearance, in the above comedy, as the representative of *Peregrine*, is not altogether new to the metropolitan stage, having acted the part of *Hamlet* some years since at Drury-lane. His look, manner, and whole deportment, are of a very gentlemanly description, and strongly remind us of Mr. Murray, in his better days. His enunciation is distinct and clear, though his voice cannot be said to be powerful. But he acts and speaks with propriety, with feeling, and with judgment, insomuch that we have no hesitation to declare that we were highly delighted with his performance. Mr. Foote appears to be of middle age, and has a sedate and dignified look.

Mr. Lindsay is an importation from the Dublin stage, and comes forward as the successor to Mr. Johnstone's cast of characters. His brogue is natural and rich, perhaps a little too much so—but practice on the metropolitan boards will doubtless teach him to reform and bring down his redundancy of manner to the taste and meridian of London. His *Dennis Brulgruddery*, making due allowance for the exaggeration we have above pointed out, was a humorous performance.

Mr. MEGGETT'S *Richard the Third*.—It is with regret that we advert to the graceful and unmanly insult offered to this gentleman, on the night of his first appearance on the Haymarket boards, Wednesday, July 19th, in the character of *Richard the Third*. Such scandalous and indecent treatment is, in fact, the more astonishing, as a British audience have ever been remarked for the indulgence they shew to a candidate who aspires the first time to the honour of obtaining their suffrage and applause. We shall merely give a hasty outline of this scandalous transaction.

On his first entrance on the stage, Mr. Meggett was received with the wonted demonstrations of good will and encourage-

ment. But scarcely had he uttered a few sentences before he was assailed with every mark of determined and preconcerted hostility. In the scene, where he encounters the widowed *Lady Anne* the tumult swelled into a perfect storm. Hissing, groaning, laughter, and vociferation, were collectively resorted to, to drown his utterance, and prevent his enactment of the part. Under these discouraging circumstances, Mr. Meggett advanced in front of the stage, and respectfully addressing himself to the audience, observed, that "he stood there their victim—that he was before a tribunal, from which there was no appeal—yet he could not dissemble that he considered the treatment he met with severe—severe even to cruelty—for certainly to hiss a candidate for public favor, even in the very act of addressing the audience, who sit in judgment on him, but too well justified the epithet he had applied to such conduct, that of cruelty." Mr. Meggett's harangue at first met with considerable opposition—but it ultimately succeeded in bringing the audience to a sense of justice, and the performer was suffered to go through his part, though still under the most rancorous and indecorous workings of premeditated hostility. We allow, that there is a want of polish in Mr. Meggett's manner which partakes too much of what we should designate by the name of coarseness. But still he evinces incontrovertible proofs of sterling merit and genuine talent. His faults result from injudicious imitation. He is too boisterous, too impetuous. Would he attempt less, he would accomplish more. But whatever may be his defects, no apology can be offered for the violent and brutal manner in which he was pursued and literally hunted down (if we may be allowed to use the term) by a jealous and infuriate cabal. As misfortunes seldom come alone—as it "never rains," (to adopt a homely proverb) "but it pours," the very elements, on this occasion, seem to have leagued against the success of the new candidate. The rain, which descended in torrents, forced its way through the roof of the building, and completely inundated the lower boxes, on the Prince's Side, insomuch that the company were under the necessity of retreating. This not a little added to the general scene of uproar and confusion, against which the efforts of the performer had to struggle.

Mr. Meggett, we are happy to add, has since obtained a complete triumph over party-fury and hostility. His performance of *Octavian* in the *Mountaineers*, on the ensuing Monday, July 24th, was received with the most enthusiastic bursts of applause, by a crowded audience. It is but justice to add that this tribute to persecuted merit was not more liberally than deservedly bestowed.

COVENT GARDEN.

Of the performances of this theatre, during the present month, little can be said in the way of criticism, for most of the nights were devoted to the multifarious assortments of theatrical ware, which generally crowd the bills when benefits are taken by the inferior performers, or the other subordinate agents belonging to the establishment. Out of this mass, however, a few things are eligible, and those we have selected.

On *Thursday, July 6th*, Mr. Abbott had "his benefit, if we may use the word," after having witnessed the beggarly account of empty boxes, and the gaping chasms in the pit, to which he had the misfortune of making his bow. We regretted that there was not a more numerous audience, because, though not disposed to estimate the talents of Mr. Abbott very highly, we have always considered him as a diligent and industrious performer, and one who at all times seems anxious to obtain applause by his endeavours to merit it. We should therefore have felt more pleasure had he received more reward than he possibly could do from the receipts of this evening. The performances which he selected, or which were selected for him, were the *Exile*, *La Belle Alliance*, and the *Critic*. Of the former piece nothing need be said except to notice that Miss Matthews, who is always respectable and pleasing when she limits herself to exertions within her reach, attempted to sing a polacca, which, though it contained nothing very arduous in execution, or attractive in composition, was still too arduous for Miss Matthews, and too little attractive for her hearers. It had neither melody nor modulation. Miss Matthews, in fact, should remember she is *not* Miss Stephens. *A propos* of Miss Stephens. In the spectacle of *La Belle Alliance*, (a vapid medley which was manufactured last year in honour of the visit of the allied sovereigns) she was to have represented the Genius of England, and in that character to have sung "The soldier tired of war's alarms." When the curtain drew up she did not appear among the allegorical groupe, and discontent soon began to manifest itself. Mr. Abbott apologised; an accident had happened to the coach in which Miss Stephens was coming to the theatre, but she had arrived, and would appear immediately. When she came on the stage, a general burst of applause greeted her entrance; yet she was in so much trepidation as to be utterly incapable of singing the song, and the curtain was allowed to drop. Now with every respect for Miss Stephens, and disposed as we are to make the most ample and charitable allowance for her feelings, we do think there was something of affectation in this business. No disapprobation was expressed towards her personally; on the contrary, she was received with encouraging approbation; and therefore we really could see no occasion for the display of that exquisite sensibility which is often graceful and natural, but here assumed a different character.

In the farce of the *Critic*, Mr. Mathews played *Sir Fretful Plagiary*, and we must refer our readers to the theatrical por-

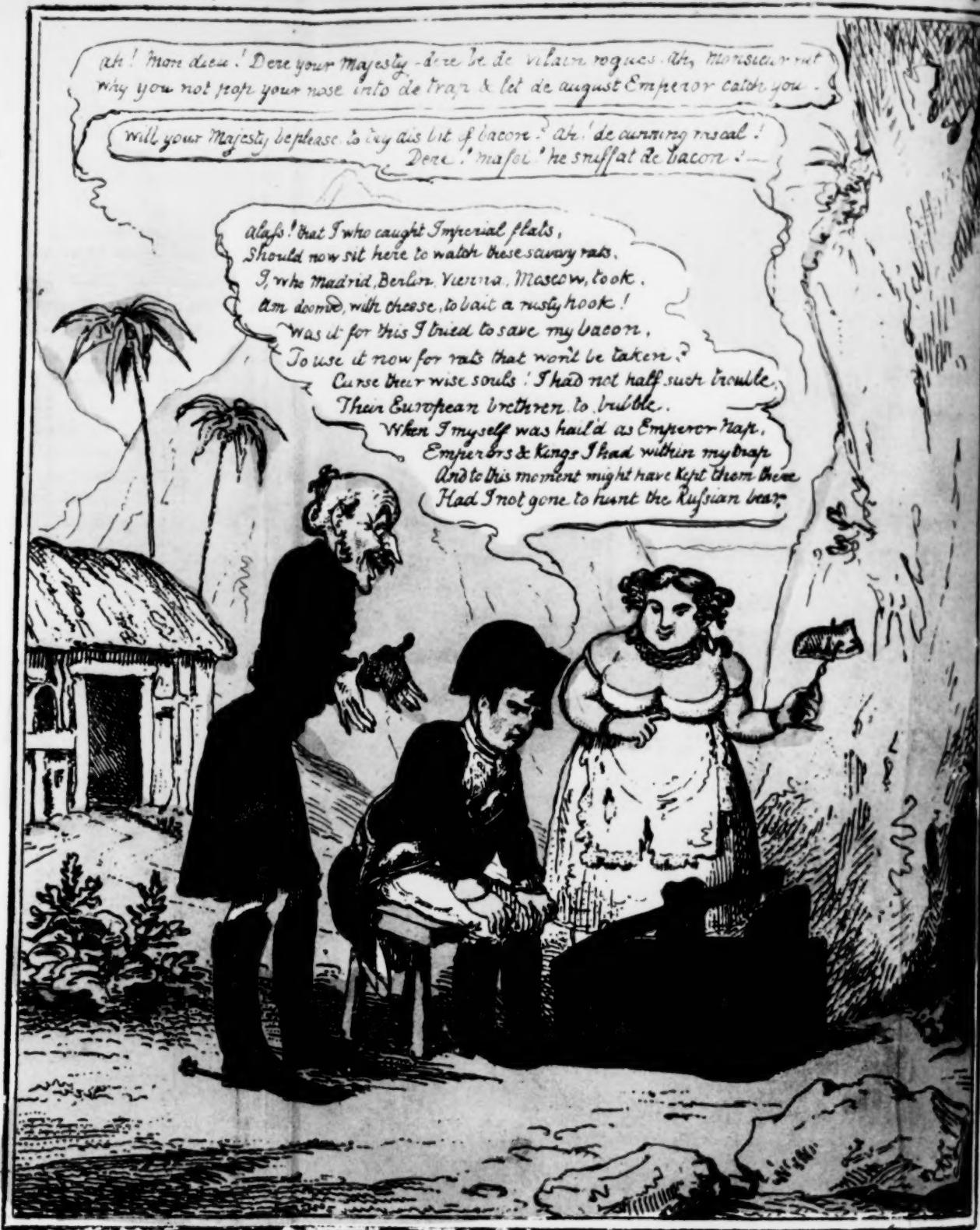
traits in this number, for our opinion of his performance. Mr. Abbott, in *Puff*, was bustling and vehement, but did not abound in discrimination. *Don Ferolo Whiskerando* found a tame and spiritless representative in Mr. Duruset. Upon the whole, though there are some happy displays of wit, and most felicitous touches of truth, in many of the sentiments, yet as a whole, the representation is dull and languid, because the caricature is too broad and exaggerated throughout the whole of the fictitious rehearsal. The name of its author alone could have sustained this part of it, during its first representation.

The performance of *Jane Shore*, (17th of July) adds another wreath to the already adorned brow of Miss O'Neill. It is a character which it may almost be said is exclusively adapted for her. It demands no qualities which she does not amply possess. It is full of softness, penitence, and tears. All the passions which animate her bosom are subdued by sorrow, and chastened by repentance. Humbled by guilt, timid from shame, gentle from disposition, the meek and unassuming tenor of her feelings, requires precisely that placid, mournful, and pathetic expression of countenance, voice, and manner, with which Miss O'Neill is so pre-eminently gifted. Nothing that is lofty, disdainful, and imperious is demanded; nothing that elevates the actress above the woman, and fills our bosom with terror or admiration, rather than with emotions of pity. Need we add that such a character, played by Miss O'Neill, assumed resistless and unresisted dominion over the heart? Even the frigid declamation of Rowe, his artificial periods, and studied sentiments, assumed a warmth and tenderness from her tone which she alone could give. Her interview with Hastings was exquisitely managed, and all the force and dignity that virtue could bestow, were attained by her calm and averted looks, which spoke more powerfully than any vehemence of disgust could possibly have done. In the last scene, she was greater and less, than her predecessor, Mrs. Siddons. She was less than Mrs. Siddons, in that part where her tottering and sinking frame seems scarcely able to support her to the door of Alicia. Whoever has seen Mrs. Siddons, can never forget the wonderful fidelity of her performance; but we have no hesitation in saying that even she did not surpass, we doubt if she equalled, Miss O'Neill, when she recognizes, in Dumont, her much-injured husband. The agony of guilt, the sort of suffocating horror of feeling with which she uttered the words "It is my husband!" and those which follow, "Oh save me, Belmour, from his angry shade," was decidedly the finest piece of acting we ever beheld on any stage. We wish, however, she had marked with one of those touches of sensibility she is so capable of bestowing, that pathetic line which Warton has so justly commended in the Adventurer,

"Forgive me! but forgive me!"

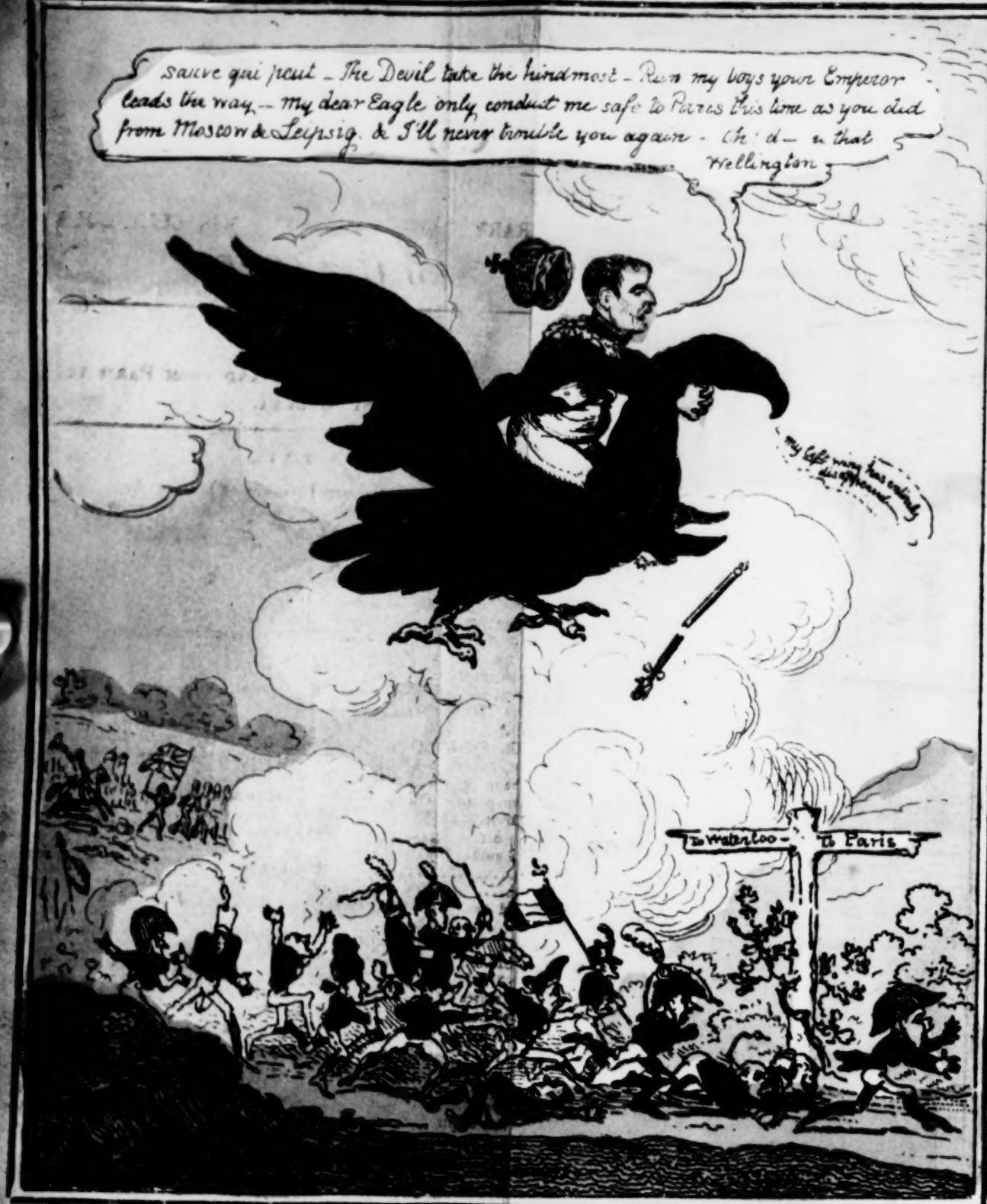


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